

August 1960, 60 cents

THE *Atlantic*

I. I. RABI

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PEACE AND THE SCIENTIST





In 17th century, boxes like this contained spices for drinks such as grog and eggnog. Shown: whole cloves and nutmegs. Box courtesy James Robinson, Inc.

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AUGUST

ATLANTIC

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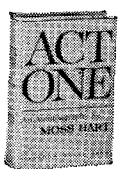
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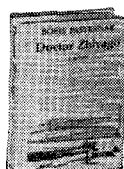
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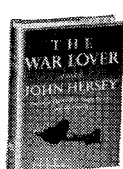
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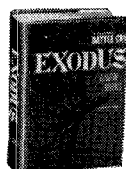
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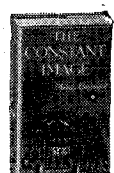
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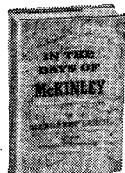
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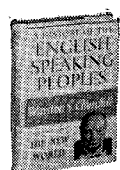
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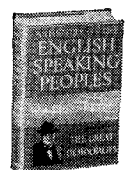
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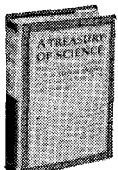
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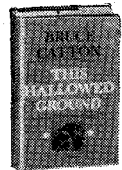
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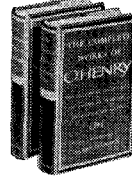
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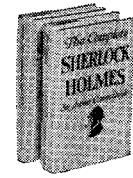
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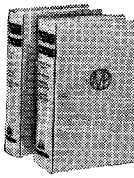
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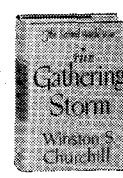
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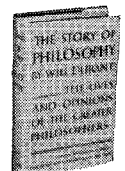
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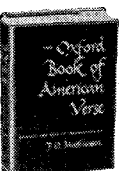
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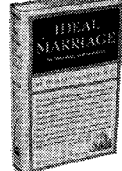
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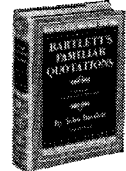
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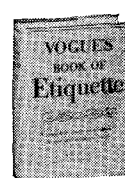
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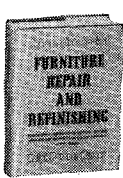
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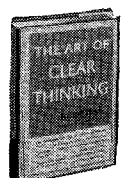
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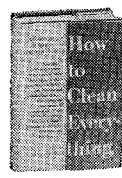
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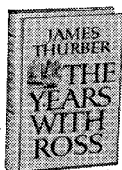
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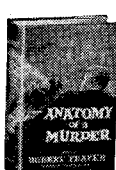
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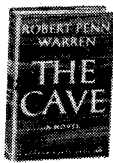
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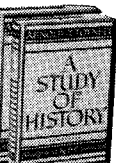
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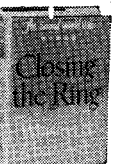
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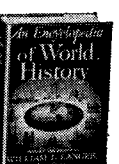
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WASHINGTON

OF ALL the problems the new President and the new Congress will have to face, none is more difficult and more baffling than the problem of American relations with Communist China. It would be totally false to say that there is any new policy in the making, at least as far as the Republican Party and its standard-bearer are concerned. Yet it would be equally false to say that the freeze which has afflicted Sino-American relations for so many years does not show at least the first signs of a thaw.

A great deal will depend on the actual course of relations between now and November 8. If there is a new Sino-American crisis before election day and if China policy becomes an issue in the campaign, then there could be campaign commitments which would plague the next President. Nixon is certainly not as inclined as Eisenhower has been to stand pat on foreign policy, including relations with China. But he has given evidence that he is prepared for a no-holds-barred campaign based on defense of Eisenhower policies, if challenged.

The encouraging aspect of the China problem is the extent to which it has been possible recently to discuss China policy at all. The turning point from the blind adherence to Chiang which so long dominated American policy came during the 1958 congressional elections. The Communist bombardment of Quemoy that year brought a decision by the late John Foster Dulles, accepted by President Eisenhower, to use the Seventh Fleet to protect the islands if they were invaded.

This was a decision which meant war with Red China. Dulles knew it, but he hoped to keep a war limited. Though the decision, as such, was never publicly stated, it raised a great cry in the United States, and Nixon, then campaigning hard

for a GOP Congress, found himself on the defensive. He forced Dulles to do an about-face on his proclaimed position that China policy should not be discussed in the campaign. In the end, the Chinese Reds backed away from an invasion, but not before the opponents of a war over Quemoy had discovered that they had a lot of support among the American electorate.

Time for a new look

Since then, there has been nothing which could be called a debate in Congress over China policy. But a number of senators and representatives have spoken out on the subject and found that it did not mean political oblivion. Among them were Senator Warren G. Magnuson, the state of Washington Democrat who heads the important Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, and Senator Clair Engle, the California Democrat who in 1958 was elected to the seat vacated by Chiang's strongest Senate defender, William F. Knowland. Both Magnuson and Engle, mindful of West Coast shipping problems and of traditional pre-Communist trade between the coast states and China, have talked of the need to reconsider the total embargo on trade with Red China.

Continuing Chinese belligerence has made it impossible for any public figure responsible to the electorate to suggest recognition of the Peiping regime or its admission to the United Nations. Still, the kind of discussion led by Magnuson and Engle is an indication that, if there is a political calm at home and a period of lessened tension in the Formosa Strait, it will be possible for the United States to take a new look at the China problem.

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Report on Washington



Chinese affairs, even to the collection and analysis of the fragmentary material which is the basis of intelligent policy discussion, there must be fifty doing the same for Soviet affairs. Nor are the universities doing all that they can or should; there, too, there is a serious gap between Soviet and Chinese studies.

The Conlon report on Asian policy

The one study of any importance to reach Washington was the result of Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright's determination in January, 1958, to take a scholarly look at America's problems all around the globe. Among the many studies done for his committee was one on Asian policy by Conlon Associates, Ltd., of San Francisco, released last fall.

Three conclusions, among many, show the extent of the problem: "Communist China is very likely to emerge as one of the world's major powers in the late twentieth century. The rapid growth of state power coupled with low mass living standards presents dangers to Asia and to the world. The power of Communist China will increasingly demand recognition, and the dangers that this power poses to the non-Communist world will demand the closer cooperation of free nations if the threat is to be met effectively.

"The Sino-Soviet alliance is currently based upon vital mutual interests outweighing such negative factors as may exist. It will not be ruptured over trivial issues and will probably endure for a considerable period. Yet the long-term solidarity between the U.S.S.R. and Communist China is by no means assured.

"Communist China regards the United States as its major opponent, and naturally it desires the reduction of American influence in Asia. There is virtually no chance that Communist China would consider any basic concessions on current issues to secure a shift in American policy. At the same time, the Chinese Communists are not in favor of war with the United States and there are also some issues, both now and in the future, that might be negotiable."

Probably the most debatable of all these conclusions is the last sentence quoted. Non-Com-

munist visitors to Peiping on more than one occasion have been shocked at the Communist argument that World War I began the end of imperialism, that World War II greatly hastened it, that World War III would end capitalism and, despite vast nuclear destruction and death, permit a Communist civilization to emerge, in China at least. There is evidence, too, that the Russians likewise have been alarmed at such disregard of the nuclear facts of life.

Who calls the Communist tune?

The post-Summit Sino-Soviet relationship, as far as it has been observable, has shown that the Communist empire has yet to resolve the problem of whether Moscow or Peiping is to be the true font of Party dogma. Khrushchev is in no position to force conformity from China, as he is, say, in Poland or elsewhere in Eastern Europe. China is beholden to Russia for more than \$2 billion in aid thus far; it is not a handout, however, but a loan which is being paid for. China, in other words, is prepared to accept aid but not direction, though it pays for the aid in part by expressions of Soviet supremacy in the Communist bloc. Yet it is clear that the ties which bind the two giant Communist regimes are still far stronger than the differences between them.

Chinese hostility to the United States is immense. It is a necessity for Mao to use a "foreign devil" with which to coerce his own people; and Chinese resentment of the American policy of isolation of Red China and protection of Taiwan, which Peiping claims as its own, strengthens Mao's hand.

What is the United States to do in such circumstances? The Conlon Report suggests that there are three alternatives: "a) Containment through isolation; this is essentially the present policy. b) The normalization of relations; this policy would encompass the recognition of Communist China by the United States, support for its seating in the United Nations, and general treatment equal to that which the United States accords to the Soviet Union. c) Exploration and negotiation." This third alternative is what the report recommends. It suggests that the United States offer a mutual exchange of newsmen; permission for nongovernment groups or individuals to go to China; the launching of informal, private discussions between the United States and its European allies and such Asian nations as Japan, India, Burma, and Indonesia "to solicit ideas and some cooperative thinking about the problem of China."

Only after such steps as these have indicated chances of progress does the report recommend trade with China on a basis similar to trade with

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Report on Washington



tion. There is now at least the beginning of a political willingness to face the issue of whether it is best to continue the freeze or to try to find a way out.

Russia, efforts to make Taiwan a separate nation with its own UN Assembly seat, and enlargement of the Security Council to include Red China, and also India and Japan, as permanent members. These are not the only recommendations, but they are enough to suggest the enormity of the problem.

The basic question, however, facing the next President is whether to try to break the impasse or to sit back and let events take control — events which are more likely to be adverse than favorable. For one thing — minor, perhaps, but indicative — there will be a major row in the UN the day that the present Chiang Kai-shek representative at the Security Council, Dr. Tingfu Tsiang, leaves his post for one reason or another. There will have to be a vote to accept the credentials of his successor, and long ago Washington recognized the problem of obtaining the necessary seven of eleven affirmative votes; recognized it to the extent of advising that Taipeh make no move, as once was contemplated, to put another man in that post.

Despite the increased hostility toward China as the result of the Tibetan and Indian frontier aggressions, there is a possibility that the United States will one day be outvoted on the issue of seating Peiping instead of Taipeh in the seat that the UN Charter reserves for "China." There is a major legal problem, for example, as to whether a majority or a two thirds vote would be required and whether an American veto could apply if it should come to that.

Red China freeze

For eight years now, especially since the China issue played so noisy a part in the 1952 presidential election, American policy has been in a deep freeze. The two men most responsible, John Foster Dulles and Assistant Secretary of State Walter S. Robertson, have both passed from the Washington scene, one by death, the other by resigna-

tion. It is by no means certain that Red China ever would have been willing to compromise on the issue of UN membership, even by permitting, though not approving, a seat in the assembly for Taiwan. Certainly that possibility is unlikely now, despite the faint beginning of an American realization that the freeze on China policy cannot endure forever.

Washington observers did think that the test ban issue, or a larger disarmament scheme, would provide the means to break the China policy freeze. The argument was that if something more desirable — a method of preventing the spread of nuclear weapons to other nations, for example — was offered as an alternative to continuation of the present policy of isolation, the Senate would be the place where a policy shift, with presidential approval, could take place, acceptable to the American public. But with the resumption of the Cold War following the Summit collapse and the suspension of disarmament talks, that approach is temporarily on the shelf.

China today undoubtedly is in a rambunctious, early revolutionary stage of development. Even its fellow Communist nations, except for the slavishly Stalinist, find it hard to deal with. Western nations with diplomatic relations in Peiping find only suspicion and distrust. It is extraordinarily difficult to say when there will be a moment at which the United States could begin to alter its policy. But the alternative of continuing our diplomatic isolation of Peiping is not attractive.

Perhaps the momentous decisions of the 1960s will relate to China and will be found in the evolving policies toward that great mass of humanity by the world's two current superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union. The least the United States can do in the next Administration is to take a new look at the problem, to see it in its entirety, and to act where it can on its own to build a common free-world policy toward Communist China.

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The Atlantic Report TURKEY



ON THE night of May 14, 1950, Ismet Inonu, President of Turkey, was listening to election returns in Cankaya (Bloody Rock), the pink fortress palace that stands on a hill overlooking Ankara. It was the Turkish republic's first free election. When it became clear that Inonu's party was headed for defeat, Inonu sought out his wife and asked: "How much time will it take us to move out? We must turn over the palace quickly." Inonu moved from the palace and turned the seat of power over to the victors — a voluntary transfer of power that was a rare event in the politics of the underdeveloped, non-Western world.

Ten years and two weeks later, on May 27 of this year, the Turkish Army sent its tanks up the hill to Bloody Rock to drive Inonu's successors from power. The ten-year experiment in democracy initiated by Inonu seemingly had failed.

Inonu's free election in 1950 was the capstone of the social revolution wrought by Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, the extraordinary genius who tried to drag Turkey into the modern world in a single lifetime. Ataturk's revolution was not a popular one: it was carried out by an elite Westernized minority against the indifference of the peasant masses and the hostility of the forces of Islam. It was initiated and supported by the officer class of the Turkish Army, which for more than a century had been a spearhead for Western ideas and which produced both Ataturk and Inonu. In his drive to build a modern Turkey, Ataturk created many of the basic conditions for democracy: a national consciousness, a political party organization, parliamentary government, a school system free of clerical influence, and a general commitment to democracy for the future.

Ataturk, realistically, did not submit his revolution to the decision of the voters, though he did experiment briefly with opposition parties. For example, in 1930 he created a Liberal Party (in which Adnan Menderes got his start as a provincial chairman), but he decided that the time was not ripe, and four months later the Liberals disbanded at Ataturk's "suggestion."

After World War II, Inonu, who came to power on Ataturk's death in 1938, decided that the time *had* come. He began dismantling government controls over opinion and authorized the creation of opposition parties. One of these was the Democratic Party. Among its four founders were two dissidents from the governing Republican People's Party: Celal Bayar, an old foe of Inonu; and Adnan Menderes, who had switched to the ruling party after the Liberals dissolved. Menderes, a member of a wealthy landowning family, had previously split with the regime over land reform (he was against it) and had made a name as a bold critic of Inonu's restrictions. When the new party was formed, Inonu asked Bayar for assurances on its policies: would religion be kept out of politics, he asked, and would the emphasis on school construction be maintained? Bayar answered Yes on both counts, but neither promise was kept.

Menderes, the Turkish Perón

Bayar replaced Inonu in the presidential palace, but Menderes, as Premier, became the dominating personality in the new regime. Once in power, Menderes showed himself to be a Turkish Perón, who through irresponsibility and opportunism did much to weaken the social fabric woven by Ataturk and Inonu.

Menderes' vision of himself was that of "Adnan the Builder," the leader whose gift to the people would be economic development. Later he was to argue that this development justified the political short cuts he increasingly found himself impelled to take. But in his headlong effort to industrialize, Menderes built many of his monuments on sand. Textile plants were constructed, with Italian credit, while existing plants were running far below capacity; sugar-beet refineries were located far from their source of supply.

With bountiful U.S. aid — \$2 billion military and \$1 billion economic — and a runaway printing press in the mint, Menderes set off an inflation that tripled the price level in ten years. His economic policies wobbled from one extreme to the

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Then there is the adjective *custom*. Webster says it means made or done to order, but custom is constantly misused to imply high quality or premium price without any pretense of made to order.

Perhaps worst of all, *uninterested* and *disinterested* are all too often used interchangeably, even though the first expresses indifference or lack of interest and the second fair-mindedness or lack of bias.

Notice is hereby given that when we use these terms, we wish to be taken literally. Our Research Department exercises discrimination in the first sense whenever our analysts undertake to size up the market prospects for a security.

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Report on Turkey



other. At one time he would take all restrictions off imports, and the nation's foreign exchange would evaporate. At another time, under pressure from the United States and the International Monetary Fund, import regulations became so severe that there were no drugs in the drugstores and no coffee in the coffeehouses.

In the end, Menderes did not have much to show for all the money he had spent. Farm production languished, and the per capita real income rose very little.

In casting about for the votes to keep himself in office, Menderes courted the peasant majority with price subsidies and moratoria on farm debts. More important, he began using the dangerous force of religion. Funds were devoted to the clerical training schools that Ataturk had carefully starved. In the villages, Menderes built new mosques and repaired old ones, cultivating the reputation of the "Man of Allah." The Democrats as a whole presented themselves as the party of religion and hinted that the Inonu opposition was atheistic. The religious question touched on the most sensitive nerve in Turkish society, a moral issue that cuts as deeply as civil rights in America. The elite were horrified at the prospect that the medieval forces of Islam, which they had fought and beaten a generation before, might ride back into power on Menderes' opportunism.

In his foreign policy, Menderes abandoned the strict neutrality Ataturk and Inonu had maintained toward Arab politics. According to well-informed Turks, he dispatched troops to the Syrian border for a possible invasion at the time of the Iraq Revolution of 1958, meanwhile assuring U.S. officers that the same units were still right outside Ankara. It was widely felt, too, that Menderes was instrumental in launching John Foster Dulles on the dubious venture of the Baghdad Pact.

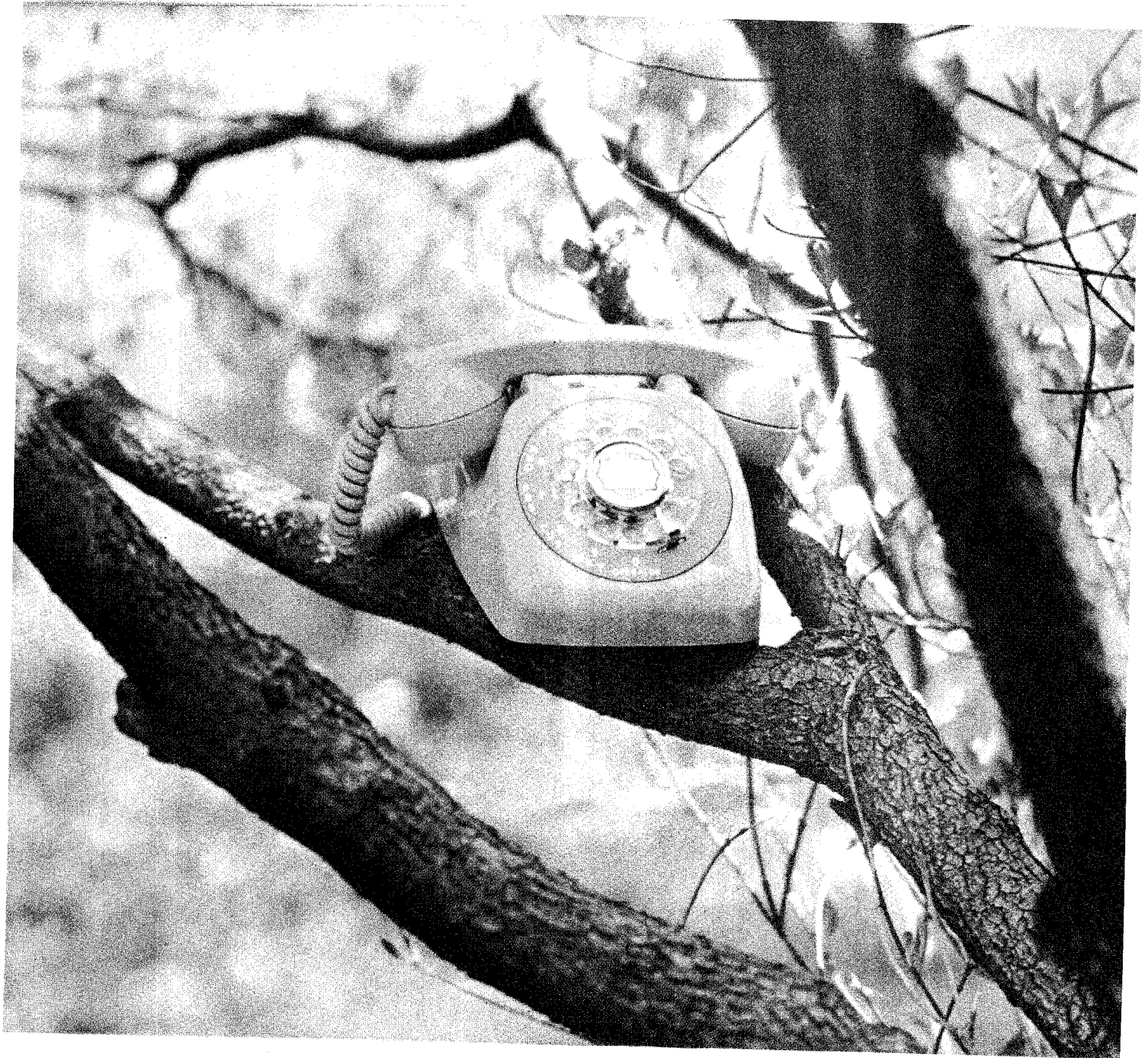
When the Republican People's Party became stronger and more vocal in its opposition after 1954, Menderes muzzled the press and jailed journalists (eight hundred sentences in eight years), reduced the autonomy of the universities, and sought to bring the judiciary under his control. He confiscated the property and records of the Republican People's Party and generally harassed its political operations. Often he would put the blame on Bayar for what he himself was doing, and certainly Bayar's corrosive hatred of Inonu contributed to the regime's petty vindictiveness toward the opposition. The general weakening of controls, in turn, gave free rein to gross corruption and economic folly; the Menderes regime seemed to have the vices of democracy without the saving virtue of popular control.

The Army stays neutral

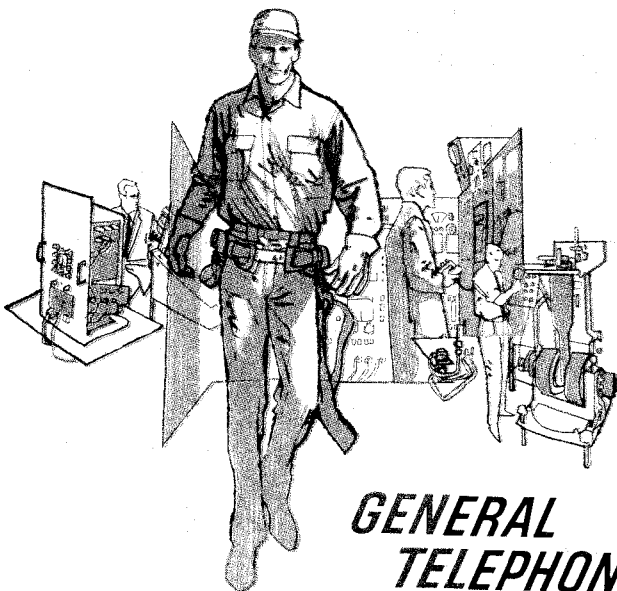
Through several years of rising tension, the Army carefully stayed out of politics, even though the officer class was increasingly restive. It had a strong tradition of political neutrality, which had grown in the sheltered environment produced by a civil power that followed the progressive policies the Army wanted. Still, the Army served as a silent check on Menderes. He had managed to install pliable generals in the top jobs, but, as one Republican People's Party leader put it, "We have all the colonels."

It was Menderes himself who finally drove the Army out of its neutrality. Twice in the year before the coup, Menderes used troops to harass Inonu, and twice the Army showed spontaneous affection for its old general. In 1959, when the 74-year-old Inonu was on a campaign tour, police and soldiers broke up crowds waiting for him. In Istanbul, an imported mob stoned Inonu's car while the police stood idly by; the old man's life was saved only by the intervention of a young officer who ordered his unit to disperse the mob.

Last April, Menderes again used the Army against an Inonu trip. At one point, soldiers and trucks were lined up to barricade Inonu's path. Inonu calmly walked toward the troops, and at the last moment they gave way and saluted him. The major in command said that if or-



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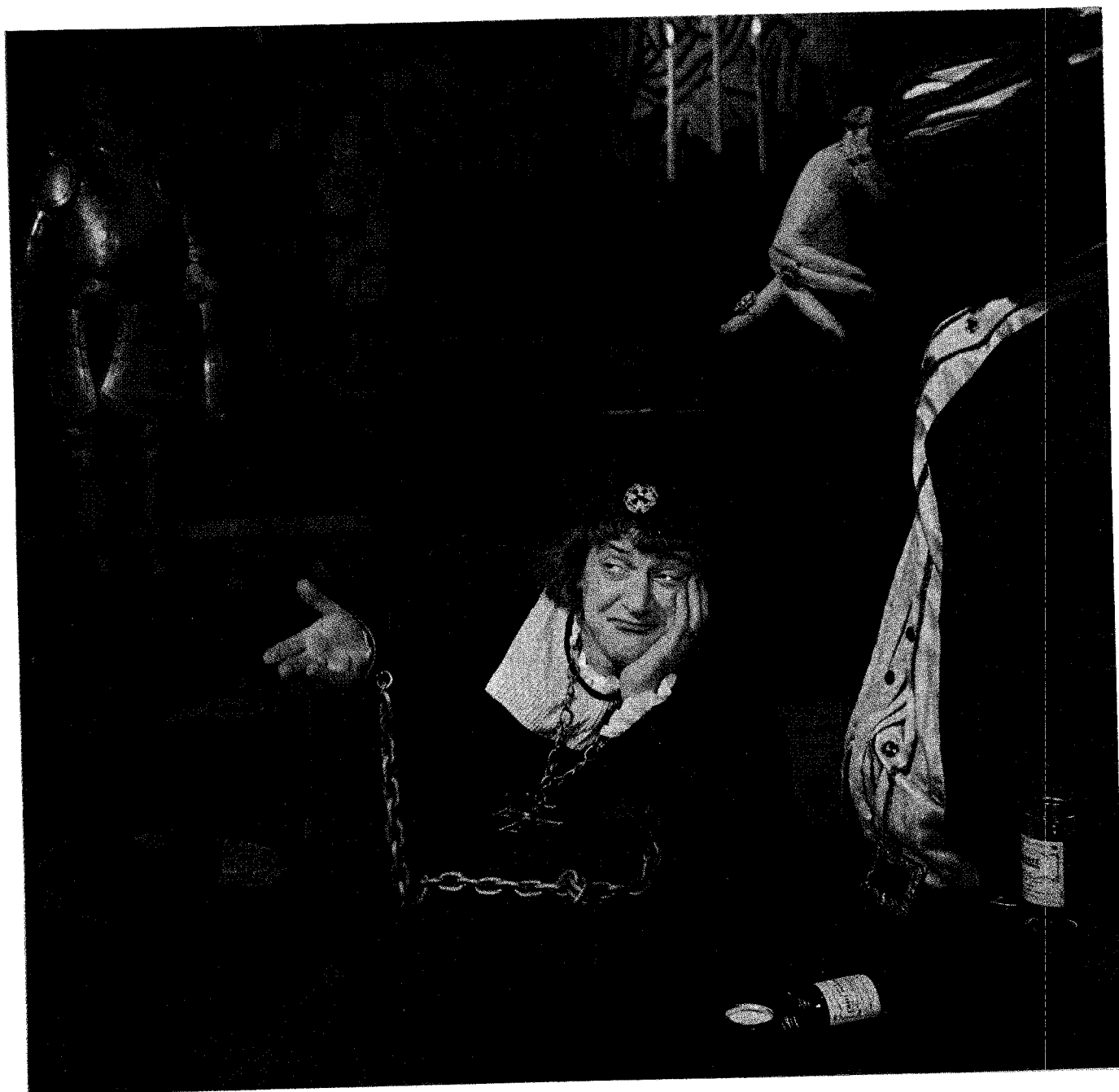


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Report on Turkey



dered to fire on "my general," he would shoot himself instead. He was later arrested.

In April, Menderes began the final process of destroying the opposition party by manufacturing an all-Democratic parliamentary commission with star-chamber powers to investigate the Republican People's Party for subversion. The commission report came to light after the coup. It recommended Inonu's exile from Turkey and the punishment of all 116 Republican People's Party deputies, 14 professors, and 15 generals for illegal opposition.

By this time, Menderes had put the Army in an impossible position. If it obeyed orders, Menderes would use it as his bludgeon to crush the party of the social revolution, to which the Army was committed. The last strong outpost of popular control would be lost, and with it all hope for democracy. The Army could remain neutral only by letting itself be the instrument for the destruction of all it stood for. Menderes had left it no alternative. It had to intervene.

The well-mannered revolution

The resulting coup was planned, with the usual Turkish military efficiency, by a group of field-grade officers, mostly colonels. To steer clear of the pro-Menderes top brass, they organized a system of small cells reminiscent of the Young Turk officers' conspiracy against Sultan Abdul Hamid II in 1908. The officers approached Inonu. In the past Inonu had steadfastly refused suggestions from within his party that he organize a coup. Now he refused the officers on the farsighted grounds that he did not want his party tainted by participation in a revolt. But he did not try to stop the plot.

The tempo of events quickened in the last month before the coup. The university students rioted and were clubbed down by Menderes' despised police; the Army refused to fire on them. The officers and cadets of the War College, whom the Turks

call the "umbilical cord" of the Army, marched in a silent, disciplined demonstration against Menderes that was virtually a dress rehearsal for the coup that came a week later. In a last wild gamble to cling to the power that was slipping from his hands, Menderes struck out in all directions. He closed the universities and Parliament, slapped on mail censorship (unknown since Ottoman days), and imposed martial law through his few reliable generals. Worst of all, from the Army's point of view, he intended to create a loyal militia by arming thousands of Democratic Party members.

When the officers planning the coup got wind of what Menderes was up to, they advanced their date to May 27. Then, between midnight and three o'clock, they staged what must be considered the model for a coup carried out by small forces without the top brass. Ankara was taken by the War College cadets. Bayar was captured in the Bloody Rock palace with the help of the commander of his own Presidential Guard, who was in the plot; Menderes was caught fleeing on a lonely country road; six generals, including one who had tried in vain to make his men fire on the cadets the week before, were scooped up.

The Army's smooth takeover was accomplished with the loss of just one life. The Turks promptly named it the "well-mannered revolution" (the imprisoned Bayar was, as befitted his status, accorded a room with a bath). There was a holiday atmosphere in Ankara and Istanbul; the coup was greeted with general relief by a people fearful of civil war.

Washington's surprise

In Washington, it was admitted the next day that the coup had completely surprised high-ranking officials in the State Department. Even after the cadets' march, the U.S. Embassy in Ankara — and the correspondents who got their forecasts from the embassy — had been predicting that Menderes would win out. The Central Intelligence Agency, on the other hand, had guessed that Menderes would fall.

One possible reason for the State Department's surprise is that, having a government it could work with, it simply failed to keep in touch with

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the opposition. Menderes gave the U.S. military the missile bases they wanted and U.S. oil companies the leases they wanted; he signed every treaty the State Department laid on his desk. These affiliations looked good on a map and made it possible for the State Department to talk about the "anchor" of Western defense. No one seemed to care about the condition of the anchor.

The new government

The new rulers were the old Atatürk alliance of the elite and the Army. The Army appointed a civilian cabinet dominated by professors and government technicians, a commission, mainly of constitutional lawyers and jurists, was set up to draft a new constitution. The junta—the Committee for National Union—freed forty students and nine journalists from jail, reopened the universities, ended censorship of the press, and relieved it of the indirect controls (allocation of newsprint and advertising) that Menderes had used.

Both the Army and the Republican People's Party want in the new constitution a guarantee that no new demagogue will unravel Turkey's social revolution. The use of religion in politics is to be expressly prohibited. The Army and the Republican People's Party want a system of checks and balances to keep any future Menderes in hand. They also want a new electoral system to replace the winner-take-all mechanism under which the party carrying a province gets all its seats. The Democrats in 1957 got two thirds of the seats with less than half the vote.

The government technicians in control of the economy have found themselves saddled, like Perón's successors, with the wreckage of Menderes' expensive sand castles. The new rulers began by drastically paring Menderes' grandiose public works program. They warned the Turkish people, whose belts have already been taken in several notches that they could expect another unavoidable period of austerity.

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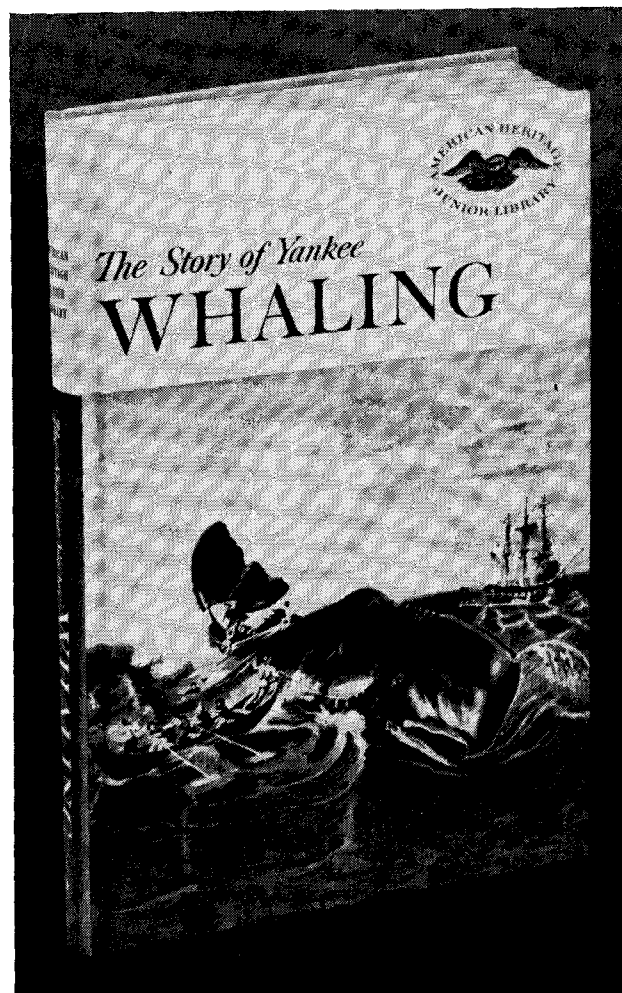
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MORE than any other place in Germany, Berlin shows a vital awareness of the fact that the German problem is the kernel of the Cold War in Europe. The Summit, it was hoped, would extend the superficial thaw in the Cold War, induced by the spirit of Camp David; the Khrushchev visit to Berlin, it was feared, would produce a calculated crisis. Neither hopes nor fears were borne out, and Khrushchev's "let the dust settle for eight months" speech in East Berlin left the situation exactly where it was a month earlier.

Naturally, most of the two and a half million West Berliners heaved a sigh of relief. A big majority of them had believed that Khrushchev would offer a separate peace treaty to the East German Republic, which would transfer control over all of Berlin's communications with the West to East German hands and create a second blockade of Berlin. A population which had grown reasonably fat and prosperous during the last ten years would be put on an almshouse diet; flourishing industries which had been recreated out of the rubble would pine away for lack of orders and raw materials; unemployment would leap up from its present 2 per cent to over 50 per cent; the heatless, jobless, lightless, and even potatoless days of 1948 and 1949 would return.

The Berliners once again displayed sturdy courage and an endearing whimsicality. During the crisis, a trickle of old people did, indeed, leave for the less beleaguered territories of the Federal Republic. There was a noticeable flight of capital. The Berlin Bourse took a sharp blow; a standard common stock like Bekula electricity dropped to 136 before the Khrushchev visit but rose to 175 when he was gone. There was some desperate talk of arming a citizen militia of half a million men, who would stack their weapons Swiss fashion by their beds and office desks and would prepare to go down fighting in the greatest holocaust in European history.

But these were minor instances of an understandable nervousness, coupled with a desire to assume a posture of embattled defense. In general,

the Berliners' nerves were as steady as ever. They crowded to their TV screens to watch and listen to Khrushchev's speeches, on arrival, in the Werner Seelenbinder hall, and on departure; but the sight of him going up the gangway of his plane to Moscow aroused no false sense of security.

The Berliners' nerves will stay steady, but the Berliners will remain wary, for it is a fault of Communist political strategy that a potential victim of Communist aggression is never allowed to forget his danger. Since the Khrushchev visit, East Germany's boss, Walter Ulbricht, has continued to fulminate against Berlin, the "front-line city"; against Willy Brandt, its "blustering burgomaster"; against the spies, agents, militarists, and Bundeswehr recruiting officers, who would seem to comprise nine tenths of the city's population.

Communist banditry

Since the Khrushchev visit, the Berliners have had at least one timely reminder of what People's Democracy means. On June 8, the West German Red Cross learned, for the first time, of the death in December, 1953, of Dr. Walter Linse, a West Berlin lawyer who was kidnaped in 1952 by paid cutthroats of the East German secret service. Linse had sought refuge in Berlin in 1947 from his native town of Chemnitz, in East German Saxony. He worked as adviser on East German economic affairs for a West Berlin information service. He was struck down on the steps of his West Berlin home by habitual criminals who had been promised free pardons, was thrust into a waiting car and shot through the leg to stop his struggles, and was driven at top speed across the frontier of Berlin into East Germany.

Linse was tried in secret by a Soviet tribunal, was sentenced first to death, then to twenty-five years imprisonment. Two years later, East German leaders who paid a visit to Bonn and were pelted with rotten fruit and tomatoes blandly denied all knowledge of him. But he had already died, in the Soviet Union. Just six and a half years later, his widow was informed. This piece of Communist banditry is in no way exceptional. Perhaps

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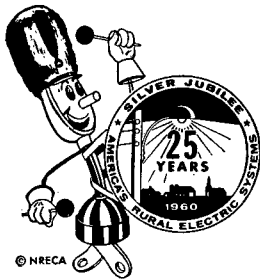
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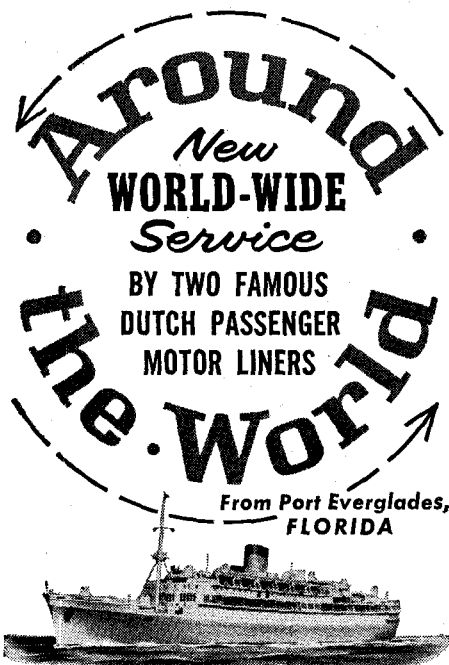
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Report on Berlin



the Berliners are the stoutest of all German protagonists of the Western alliance, because they can study Communist methods at first hand.

Loyalty to the West

The Summit fiasco and the Khrushchev visit to Berlin had no more adverse effect on West Germans than on the Berliners. There was no revival of neutralist or anti-American sentiment of the kind prevalent five years ago. There was surprisingly little blaming of the Western powers for their lack of diplomatic initiative or for the U-2 misfortune. Khrushchev's new role of world elder statesman, bearing the burden of responsibility for world peace, had little impact on West Germans. Nor did they try to ingratiate themselves with the Soviets.

On May 30, it became known that the Soviet first deputy prime minister, Kosygin, and the deputy minister for foreign affairs, Orlov, intended to go to Bonn. The Soviet Embassy there cultivated the idea that they would arrange an immensely expanded trade agreement (Kosygin was head of the Soviet economic planning authority, Gosplan, earlier this year). As a sweetener for this visit, Anastas Mikoyan, Soviet minister of trade, wrote an article for the supplement published on May 30 by the West German economic journal *Handelsblatt*.

The news of the Kosygin-Orlov visit created no more than a ripple of interest. The material reason was plain—Soviet-West German trade last year was worth \$200 million. This was less than 60 per cent of the planned figure and amounted to just 1.1 per cent of the Federal Republic's total trade. Nor were West Germans inclined to attribute political value to the visit. The Federal foreign office shied away from the idea of talks with Orlov. The Soviet Union's sly and tirelessly active ambassador in Bonn, Vladimir Smirnov, canceled the visit.

Far from weakening West German loyalty to the West, Khrushchev's

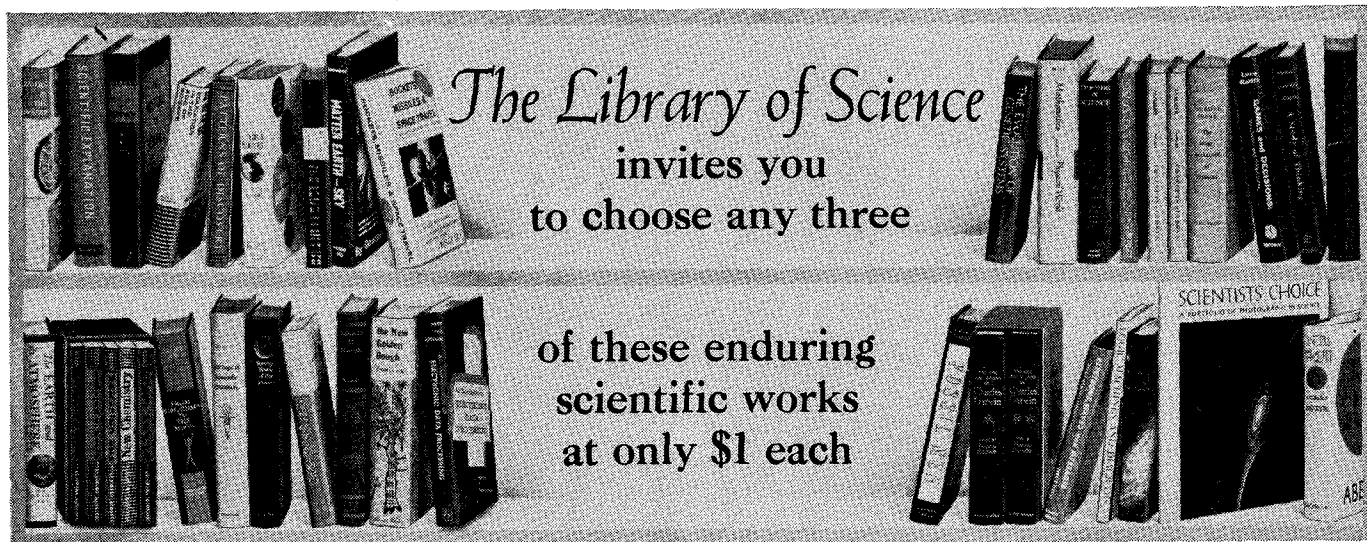
antics in Paris and more restrained ham acting in Berlin have developed a greater sense of solidarity. It was not surprising that the chairman of the Free Democratic Party, Erich Mende, at once proposed the formulation of an all-party foreign policy in Bonn. Mende, a man growing in political stature, has long believed that West Germany should speak with a united voice on foreign affairs. He thinks that foreign policy should be taken out of the internal West German political arena and should not be allowed to become a major issue in next year's federal election. He saw no reason why the Social Democrats should not discuss a few half-baked notions and why Dr. Adenauer should not study their more positive ideas.

Mende's enlightenment was to be expected. What was surprising was that Mende's proposals should have been backed by the left-wing, ex-Communist vice chairman of the Social Democratic Party, Herbert Wehner. To everyone's astonishment, Wehner drew attention to an unpublished letter which his party sent to President Eisenhower last summer, underwriting the West German government's policy during the two Geneva conferences.

Adenauer, the opportunist

It is a sad truth that Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the German and European statesman, is apt on occasion to vanish as if by the touch of a wizard's wand. His place is taken by Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the Cologne ex-attorney and municipal politician, who has always had a keen eye for the minor but quick political advantage. The confusions, hesitations, and imperfections of Social Democratic ideas on foreign affairs have done much to win three federal elections for Adenauer's Christian Democrats. The Chancellor intends to win a fourth election next year. And he intends not to be deprived of the advantage of having been proved right where his opponents have been proved wrong.

Adenauer believes that the Summit fiasco proved his policies to be right. He has never ceased to warn against Soviet intentions. In April he forecast strong Soviet pressure against Berlin and urged cast-iron resolution on his Western allies. Adenauer staked all on a simple



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Report on Berlin



formula: neither the Berlin issue nor the overall German question should be discussed with the Soviet Union until real progress was made toward general, controlled disarmament. This progress, he argued, would of itself improve the political climate and would make East-West agreement on Germany possible.

This is hardly a full or conclusive program. But should Adenauer be blamed? In Germany as a whole, the West has been content to remain in prepared positions; whereas the Russians have offered plans for a German confederation of two equally entitled states, for a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe, for a free city of West Berlin, for phased withdrawal of foreign troops from German soil. The West has produced little new thinking, and Adenauer may himself have been chary of doing so. He does not want to be accused of forcing the pace; he is afraid of latent anti-German feeling in Western countries. He will produce no bold originality to break the East-West deadlock. The West will have to be satisfied with holding the present strength of West German loyalty to the Western cause.

The two Germanies

No German politician can fail to be depressed by the course that German history is taking. The rift between East and West Germany is growing. This was forcibly illustrated by Ulbricht's blitz campaign to collectivize the land. This campaign began in mid-January, when 45 per cent of the soil was farmed by the state collectives. The 100 per cent collectivization of the land was announced on April 15, after 250,000 farmers had been individually bullied and threatened by innumerable teams of the Socialist Unity Party, of the Free German Youth and Trade Unions, and of activist factory workers. Of course, the land was not fully collectivized by April 15, but virtually every farmer had signed forms enrolling himself in a collective and will lose his independence just as soon as this year's harvests have been gathered.

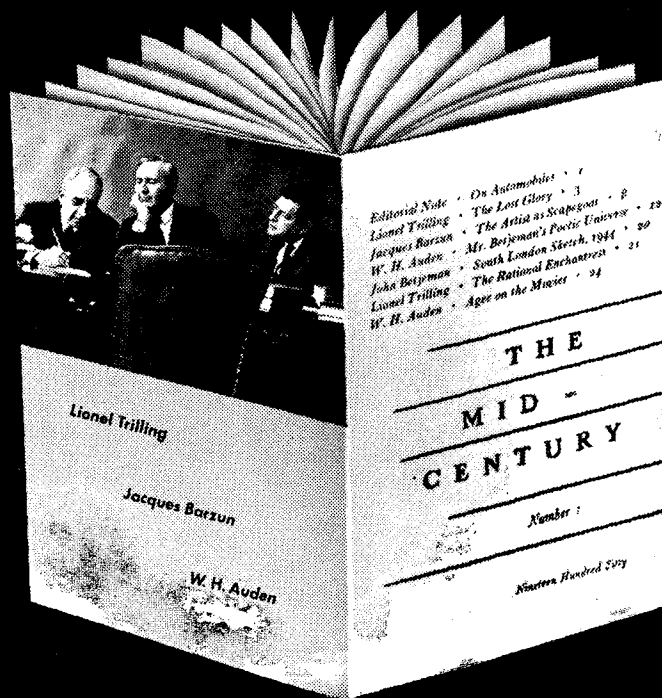
Collectivization of the soil is a final, fundamental step. The East German regime intends to create a socialist society which can never fuse with West German capitalism. It is doing this in many other ways, some of them ludicrous. On March 29, it announced that it would collectivize bands and orchestras, and the first musical collective was formed on the same day in the town of Grimma.

On March 30, the government announced that private practices of doctors would be abolished by stages and doctors would sign wage agreements approved by the Free Trade Unions. On April 8, the impending socialization of cinemas was ordered. On April 13, plans were laid for the transformation of the free weekend into "104 days of socialist labor."

Meanwhile, efforts were made to speed up collectivization of handicrafts; 200,000 small businesses, employing 600,000 people, were to be gradually compressed into the collectivized mold of the most Communist state in Europe outside the Soviet Union.

There are even more absurd examples of the birth pangs of this model People's Democracy. East Germans can subscribe to only thirteen newspapers and periodicals from the Western world; they are all published by Western Communist Parties. East Germans still cannot buy goods in West Berlin, and one woman was lately sentenced to three months imprisonment for buying pepper there. A leading East German playwright, Herbert Kasten, was forced to flee to West Berlin because he took, in one of his plays, too lenient a view of a typically bourgeois citizen of Stralsund who lived in the fourteenth century.

This is the sort of nonsense which shows that the rulers of East Germany cannot be very sure of themselves. But they are sure of one thing—they are making the division of Germany more permanent all the time. This is why, for millions of West Germans, the future may contain peace and plenty but no sense of contented self-fulfillment. The division of Germany is the self-evident fact which has been underlined by Khrushchev's posturings in Paris and Berlin.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Arts in the Soviet Union

SIR:

We have given the *Atlantic* for several years to a son and daughter and at long last are taking it ourselves.

The issues that I have perused have been noteworthy, especially the December one on Red China, and the June issue on "The Arts in the Soviet Union" is superb. What great patience, ingenuity, and knowledge must have been required in writing and editing such a number!

MARY A. VAN WAGENEN
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR:

I want to tell you how fine I think the June issue on "The Arts in the Soviet Union" is. It is handsomely designed. The cover is particularly attractive. And there are at least four or five pieces in it that are on the level of or even higher than the best we get in our own American quality magazines. In fact, the issue is quite superior to any issue of corresponding Soviet periodicals, such as *Novy Mir* and *Oktyabr*.

ERNEST J. SIMMONS
Jaffrey Center, N. H.

SIR:

I was extremely pleased to see my article ("The Making of Russian Movies") in the June *Atlantic Monthly*. If it would be possible, I should like you to thank the translator, Gabriella Azrael, for her magnificent work.

My friends were very pleased to see in your magazine the wonderful effort to acquaint the American public with the Soviet culture.

I feel very sorry that I have not had the opportunity to shake your

hand personally and to wish you and your colleagues the best of luck.

GRIGORY KOZINTSEV
Leningrad, Russia

SIR:

On my return from conferences in Europe, I found the advance copy of your special issue of *Atlantic* on "The Arts in the Soviet Union." It is a fine job, and I am glad that it is coming out at this time, since I feel very strongly that no matter how bad the political climate is, cultural relations should continue without any letup whatsoever. Congratulations on an excellent job.

ROBERT H. THAYER, *Special Assistant*
to the Secretary of State
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

The June issue is enlightening. Thank you.

Mr. Boris Yarustovsky disagrees with Mr. Ulysses Kay on the monotony of Soviet music ("The Young Composers"). If this sampling of modern Russian writing is the best, or even just fair, their writing is monotonous. This cannot be due to the translator, for there were many translators.

Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Turgenev are not monotonous.

ELAINE S. DONALDSON
Timber Lake, S. D.

SIR:

If everybody in America could read your June issue from cover to cover, it would be wonderful, I particularly enjoyed "Letter from Tashkent" by Konstantin Simonov. There are doubtless many others like him in Russia.

I fear that the American people

are almost as ignorant as to conditions in Russia as they are about conditions here. Thanks to the late Senator McCarthy and his followers, neither the press nor men in public life are likely to say anything good about conditions behind the Iron Curtain, for fear of being branded as Communists.

The crimes committed by the Russian leaders are indeed horrible, and very properly are given full publicity here. It would be helpful, however, if we could hear more from such kind and cultured Russians as Mr. Simonov and some of his colleagues.

You have made a good start.

Y. E. BOOKER
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

My compliments upon a fine June issue of your consistently fine magazine.

JERRY L. HARVEY
Clovis, N. M.

SIR:

Your June issue was extremely interesting to me. I should like particularly to commend Alexander Tvardovsky's "Death and the Hero" as a remarkably well-done, entertaining poem. I am refreshed to find a contemporary author so highly skilled in the use of alliteration, assonance, and other devices which distinguish real poetry from the unrhymed, uninteresting, prose-like styles so prevalent today. A round of applause is due the translator, Margaret Wettlin. I cannot imagine a more difficult linguistic task than that of translating perfectly rhymed verse in Russian to perfectly rhymed verse in English.

The freedom to paraphrase, the more or less optional treatment of idioms, and other necessary latitudes of translation must vanish when working on this sort of poetry. Hats off to both author and translator!

ROBERT J. BRICE
Lexington, Ky.

SIR:

Your Russia number is superb!

HENRY W. BRAGDON
Exeter, N. H.

SIR:

I have read the *Atlantic Monthly* for years and am very distressed over the June number, devoted as it is almost entirely to Soviet writers.

Why do we have to flatter the Communists by having one of our foremost magazines devote nearly all its space to these writers?

I think it is pushing the Soviets down our throats, and I for one don't want to read their stuff. I shall not renew my subscription in the future.

ELSIE C. THIRLBY
Traverse City, Mich.

SIR:

Thank you for the June issue of the *Atlantic* with so much space devoted to things Russian.

It was a breath of fresh air, holding promise that some of the shackles and blinders that have imprisoned our minds and blinded our vision on all matters pertaining to the new Russia are gradually being removed.

By chance, I had considerable contact with two of your Russian contributors, Leonid Leonov and Mukhtar Auezov, when they were our guests at Fresno State College for four days last February. That fact, of course, deepened my interest in this particular issue of the *Atlantic*.

HUBERT PHILLIPS
Fresno, Calif.

SIR:

The special June issue of the *Atlantic* is a most valuable and timely one.

I am happy to have the all-over view of the arts in Russia and pleased to see, among the newer writers, several of those I discovered in my fortunate days around the University of Nebraska. Among the authors in the June *Atlantic* are such old friends as Leonov, Sholokhov, and Valentin Kataev, whose *Embezzlers* still makes

me laugh, after thirty years. But where is Pilnyak (Vogau), whose *The Volga Flows into the Caspian* contained some really prophetic implications?

MARI SANDOZ
New York City

SIR:

I have frequently read the *Atlantic's* modern free verse — free from sanity — so favored by literary editors, and, frankly, I think it stinks.

In the June issue, I was rather startled to find standard and understandable lyric poems, a quantity of them, written by Russians and translated for your readers.

Is lyric poetry considered better if it is first published in a foreign language? Would the *Atlantic* editors have bought the same poems if they had been submitted by one of the thousands of good American lyric poets?

You would not! Why don't you try for a bit of consistency? Who in America is interested in Russian culture in any form? You, like a number of others, are ruining American poets by publishing a lot of unmetered and unrhymed tripe, yet you preface the Russians' efforts by telling us they are worth while.

WILLIAM W. PRATT
New York City

SIR:

The Russian number is excellent. It covers a lot of ground. It has color. It conveys atmosphere. We are all in your debt for it.

REV. RUSSELL HENRY STAFFORD
Columbia, Conn.

SIR:

Is the leap from the Brooklyn Bridge into the Hudson in "Brooklyn Bridge," by Vladimir Mayakovsky, another example of Russia's exaggeration or simply poetic license?

In any case, it is quite a jump and, if true, makes our chances in the Olympics look pretty sick.

HERBERT T. HAND, JR.
Little Compton, R. I.

We knew about that faulty geography in the Mayakovsky poem and at one time had a reference to it in the biographical note which was eventually squeezed out.

— THE EDITOR

SIR:

Thank you for your June issue on "The Arts in the Soviet Union." Perhaps the arts can heal the rift made by politics and military pride.

Your selections of Soviet poetry and prose were moving and show us how men of great spirit are akin in all nations.

BEVERLY NYGREEN
Kent, Ohio

SIR:

Leafing through the pages of your most interesting and eye-opening special issue of the *Atlantic* devoted to "The Arts in the Soviet Union," I came across the piece by the Peripatetic Reviewer describing his tour of the Kremlin.

Mr. Weeks seems to have been particularly impressed with "the breath-taking Hall of St. George, the ivory and gold ballroom with its great domed [?] ceiling which Catherine built from the rubble left by Napoleon, the name of every regiment, every hero decorated with the St. George cross inscribed in gold upon its walls."

Catherine's name is indeed connected with the hall, since it is dedicated to the military Order of St. George, founded by her in 1769, but she did not build it. She had been at rest in her grave for over half a century before the palace was completed (1848). She died in 1796; Napoleon did not show up at the Kremlin until late in 1812; and the construction of the palace did not begin until 1839.

Catherine did play with the idea of rebuilding the entire Kremlin. She had plans drawn up and a large, marvelous, still existing model built for it by V. I. Bazhenov, one of Russia's brilliant, Western-educated architects. But, after seven years (1767-1774) of preparatory work and millions of rubles spent on tearing down some ancient buildings, walls, and towers, the great lady changed her mind and abruptly stopped all work. The only important building erected in the Kremlin during her reign is the Senate Building (1776-1789), housing at present the offices of the U.S.S.R. Supreme Soviet. Its design was entrusted by the Empress, who changed her architects almost as often as she did her lovers, not to Bazhenov but to M. Kazakov. By the way, there is quite a story behind this story.

ARTHUR VOYCE
San Francisco, Calif.

The Peripatetic Reviewer apologizes for having telescoped the historical details with an erroneous result.

— THE EDITOR

WHAT REALLY CREATES PROSPERITY?

Let's be realistic.

More wages don't create prosperity.
Actually, unearned wages create inflation.

What *is* true prosperity? The increase of material wealth.

What basically creates wealth? Not education, culture, social agencies, government. They help spread it, help you enjoy it, use it, control it.

Basically, *industry* creates wealth: by creating more goods for everyone. By keeping costs within reach through mass production and product improvement. By making more jobs for more and more people. Remember—85% of us derive our incomes directly or indirectly from industry and business.

Let's be realistic: if you work *with* industry—against inflation, foreign competition, idle waste of manpower—you are helping create prosperity!

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THE ATLANTIC



POLAND REVISITED

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

MARTHA GELLHORN, *short-story writer, novelist, former war correspondent, reported her first visit to Poland for the ATLANTIC in March, 1959, in an article entitled "Home of the Brave." Here is an account of her second journey to that remarkable country.*

AS FOR me, to go to Poland is to step through the Looking Glass. The people are superb, but there's also the Red Queen, dressed up as the State now, and I have simple Alice reactions to the State Queen: barking mad and beastly, is what I say to myself. The Polish people are used to the Red Queen, and besides are indestructible. They stay sane and make jokes. On my second visit to Poland I thought I learned more, but in the end I was only sure of what I felt. This would be of supreme unimportance except that I imagine that my emotions are standard, typical, those of anyone of low-average stamina brought up in the Western world and accustomed to such amenities as the lifelong habit of calling your soul your own.

We sat in a charming candlelit cellar in the beautifully rebuilt old town of Warsaw, and it might have been a glamorous restaurant anywhere. The other tables were filled, although this is an expensive place, even on the black-market rate of exchange, let alone on the thieving official rate. I marveled at the girls — fragile pretty creatures, soft-voiced, fair, wearing the new beehive hairdos, modern products of modern hard-ship who retain a gentleness and grace seldom seen amongst us. The young men looked chipper.

The older couples were neat, dark-clad, middle-class bourgeoisie, you would think, dining out on the cook's night off. My companions might have been a tweedy English professor and his delicate wife.

My professorial friend has been in prison sometime or other, for one of the new reasons: these have to do with economics and are pure other-side-of-the-Looking-Glass. I listened to a trial in Krakow where eight men were being judged, under the criminal code, for incompetence in their State-owned cooperative. They could easily have been stupid or inexperienced, but that sort of common-sense interpretation of life is not the way the law works. Whether you lose money or make money, you can always go to jail, if the State wishes. Listening to Poles, you would imagine that to go to jail, to have been in jail, is about on a par with our reaction to a bad case of influenza. Nasty, rotten luck, can happen to anyone, nothing to shout about, something to avoid if possible, and obviously no stigma attaches to it.

Self-pity seems unknown among Poles, and this lack imparts a fine astringent tone to their thinking and conversation. They talk about themselves and the life of their country as if they stood

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several miles away. I was therefore not surprised to hear my friend point out, with detachment, some valuable accomplishments of the State. He said, "This regime gets no credit, even for the good things it does; the people are so against it because it was imposed from the outside."

At the end of this journey I tried, within my limited knowledge, to draw up a balance sheet in the only terms I understand — which have to do with happiness, decency, dignity — on the good and the bad in Polish life today. Perhaps no Pole would agree with me. They know what I do not: they know what existence is like in the other satellite countries and in Russia. Compared with what others have got, the Poles think they have something resembling real life.

THE State giveth and the State taketh away, and the State gives an amazing amount of what it calls culture. True, the tone of this culture has been so brilliant only since 1956, when the Poles made their national revolution against Stalinism. And true, the State is clamping down again on the rationed freedom and range of the arts. A wise journalist explained this gradually renewed but strongly resented death grip on expression: "I think there are three reasons. The first is economic. We are even poorer than we were a year and a half ago; since there must be saving, some of it must be made on the arts. As to books, we now export more wood because coal didn't turn out well, so there is simply less paper. The second reason is that Poles have been too successful in the arts. Polish films, Polish painting, Polish books have been too much praised in the West. East Germans and Czechs tattle to the Russians; it is very embarrassing for our government, this unorthodox, un-Communist success. Finally, the regime believes that intellectuals of every kind always have to be kept in their place."

Throughout Poland, there is an enormous attentive audience for the best work that can be done in the theater, in films, in music, in painting, and in writing. Every little provincial town has its theater and orchestra; companies go on tour regularly to the smaller villages; editions of the classics and of good foreign and Polish writers are sold out in a matter of days; picture galleries are jammed. I would be amazed to find that Alton, Illinois, had a permanent stock company, with a range from Shakespeare to Arthur Miller (and no bilge in between), and played all week, every week, to a crowded theater. But the theater in Katowice, which is a grisly mining town in Silesia, was putting on Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge* while I was there, and on a sunny Thursday

afternoon you could not get a seat in the hushed house. "Why do they like it, Julek?" I asked. "The public adores it," he said. "They adore such complicated fantastical problems. It is a nice rest. I think Miller talks too much. Very heavy. The provinces love him."

And is there any town in America of half a million people, the size of Krakow, which has ten legitimate theaters, one puppet theater, one operetta company, and a philharmonic? While in Krakow, I noticed advertisements for three current plays by Aeschylus, Shakespeare, and Shaw. A young friend just graduated from the Krakow Beaux Arts, where he studied stage designing, has his first job as one of the designers for the largest Krakow theater, a whopping place with a huge auditorium. He showed me his sketches for the costumes and sets of the next production, *Troilus and Cressida*: imposing and imaginative warriors' costumes, which will be made of silvered cardboard, cheesecloth, dyed horsehair plumes; movable panels to suggest the camp of the Greek army, the battlements of Troy, nothing but painted beaverboard giving a heroic impression of space and power. "It is a very interesting play to the people," he said, "because of the political allusions."

This boy earns the equivalent of twenty dollars a month, which means that he lives on scraps, but he is happy because he has the greatest possible luxury, a room of his own. It is a real attic, with a small skylight for air and light, a chair, a table, a cot, a bookcase; and one part of the room is high enough to stand up in. The washing facilities are distant and lamentable. Young Poles have never known even rudimentary ease; for twenty years the main problem has been to eat. They do not think in material terms; our Beatniks would seem luxurious pampered babies to them. The result of never having had money, nor the prospect of having it, is to cherish more fiercely the values of the mind.

So this boy, who does not dream of a better physical existence, dreams of ballet, and notably of American ballet. He eats even less and saves to buy ballet books that are published in New York. They cost a terrible lot, by his starvation standards; he owns four of them. The Poles do not ask favors, they prefer to offer them; pride is part of their bravery. My young friend knotted himself in apologies before he could bring out his one vital request. "Could you ask Mr. Jerome Robbins if he would have me do a set and costumes? I do not want money; I would be happy to give. I wish only to work for him." Sadly, I had to point out that life did not function exactly like this in America, and also I did not know Mr. Robbins. Privately, I doubted whether at his

age, straight from school, he would have the chance anywhere in America to do the work he does in Krakow.

No one believes that the State — in its concrete form, the high Communist bureaucracy — is a devoted lover of the arts. The State merely refuses to waste its money on what it considers junk; the Poles won't endure being bored; the result of these two different viewpoints is exciting, good art. I think the Polish public is better trained and more eager than we are and wants more from art than we do; and it is nobly served by its artists. In my opinion, the culture — odious word — in its quality, quantity, and availability, is the most laudable aspect of this regime. The Poles would probably say they have wrested their culture from the State, they have made it because it is in them, and that would be true; but the culture is there, and although the State pays misery wages for it, as for all else, still, it pays.

CULTURE rests on, stems from education, and education in Poland is a fascinating mystery. There are twice as many universities as before the war. I have no statistics on student population, but the small city of Krakow alone has forty thousand students of university level. Entrance examinations are the same throughout the country and very stiff; no laggards are allowed to remain in classrooms. And beyond all the formal schooling, the sense of a whole people clamoring for and gulping down education is something you feel as a fact, like the weather. I sought enlightenment; when you want a thoughtful point of view you go to the opposition, the Catholic liberal elite. I put my questions to a man of generally recognized fairness and intelligence. "Why isn't Communism sowing dragon's teeth with all this education? If education does nothing else, it teaches people to ask, 'Why?' And not only does the State provide so much education, but apparently it permits real education, not the teaching of dogma to parrots. Isn't this a crazy risk? They're not going to get a nation of Communists here, anyway. They're going to get a nation of free, liberal intellectuals."

It should be noted that this man is an honorable anti-Communist and bears no relation to the horrible world-wide crew of professional anti-Communists once headed by Hitler, ably abetted by the late Senator McCarthy, now recently joined by Dr. Verwoerd. Many and very nasty people are anti-Communist because they are natural Fascists who see in Communism a power threat to their own repulsive dreams of power, or use Communism as a handy word for smearing all dissenters. This man is pure in his rejection of

Communism, and for my part, I stand with people like him who hate Communism because they believe in humanity, one by one, the only way it comes. Peace and dignity, responsibility and freedom are what we want for ourselves, and so for all other men. The genuine anti-Communists know that the end never justifies the means, in terms of human life. We are accountable for the means; the end is always lost or changed in time: the means of Communism, as of Fascism, are inhuman.

His answer astonished me: "Of all the bad things anyone can say about Communism, I do not think you can say that they want to keep people stupid so as to control them." I asked him to repeat this, I found it so startling, both as coming from him and as an unexpected revelation of hope for the world. "The Communists may have believed that a middle intelligentsia, half educated but thinking itself educated, would be better prepared to swallow their ideology whole. But of course, so far, this does not work."

There is little or no material advantage, for a Pole, in being educated, yet educated people are the aristocracy of the classless society. There is also no such thing, and never can be any such thing, as a classless society; men, luckily, are not equal. The Poles are equal enough in poverty, but any bright young Pole would rather be an underpaid intellectual than a better-paid worker.

One rainy afternoon we picked up a young man in a café in Nowa Huta, which is the modern steel town the State has built outside Krakow. This eighteen-year-old was enrolled in the law faculty of Krakow University; his father was a steelworker. He announced that after he had finished law he would like to study philosophy, and after that he would like to become a journalist. I was thinking how cross a normal capitalist father would be, having to pay for all this education, and, besides, quite unnecessary education, as we journalists would be the first to testify. How much does it cost? I wondered. Tuition is fourteen dollars a year. Adding up, generously, we figured that with books, carfare, lunches, some clothes, some spending money, he cost his father sixty dollars a year, which is a lot, a very good month's wage in Poland.

The young man — delightful soft voice, open face, the usual manners of all classes in this "classless society," which is to say, perfect courtesy in speech, hand-kissing, innate politeness — seemed unworried by his father's financial problems. He loves sports, jazz, movies: the international freemasonry of youth. He reads classical drama for pleasure. He wanted to know whether America was as beautiful as he had heard. Then he wanted to know whether people lived very

nervous lives there; he had also heard this. (Few Americans would deny that life is needlessly nervous in God's Own Country; but few of us could take what Polish nerves do, and have to.) Change this boy's clothes, teach him English, and he would be one of the better-bred, more intellectually alert freshmen at Princeton.

SOMEONE said, "Do you want to see a peasants' university?" and indeed I did, so off we went, I and three Poles who had never heard of such an institution, although they lived twenty miles from it. We arrived at an old shabby country manor and found that this house sheltered sixty students who come for seven months, farm boys and girls who have already finished their high schools. Throughout Poland there are ten such peasants' universities, based, we were told, on the Danish model. The couple who ran this school reminded me of the best type of Quakers; in fifteen years they have graduated 2200 students. They have many more applications than they can accept: young men, back home in their villages, send their fiancées to this school, wishing their future wives to have the same advantages they had; alumni bring their children for visits; the local peasants pour in on Sunday afternoons for coffee and cake and discussions with the undergraduates.

The school has no other aim than to set the mind free. It wants to make whole people. It believes, evidently, that truth is beauty, beauty truth, and in a modest way it tries to show students something of the wide world of the mind. After which, the students return to their small poor villages and share this new knowledge, this vision; and they are gladly welcomed by their own kind, as bringers of light. It seems too happily good to be real, but it is real.

For seven months, these boys and girls study dancing, painting, singing, acting; they take courses in geography and history. But above all, they are encouraged to read. Sometimes a student will read fifty books during his stay, sometimes seven; no pressure is exerted. The library is a good one. The students organize almost nightly book evenings, at which one of them reviews what he has read. The schedule of these literary gatherings was tacked on the principal's wall: Balzac, Dickens, Dostoyevsky, Conrad, Hemingway are the foreign authors I remember. One night a student had reviewed a life of Lenin; there was no other indication of politics.

We were treated to a heavenly show of old Polish folk dancing and singing, in costume. When we left, a small group of students were preparing a play for that night; they had dramatized

Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther* and were about to stage it, with a homemade set, a spotlight, and whatever costumes they had invented and sewed. No one had told them to do this or helped them; the teachers arrive at the evening entertainment as visitors. There it is. I cannot explain it or fit it into any preconceived notions; I only know it exists. My three Polish chums were as amazed and impressed as I was.

A gentle bourgeois housewife teaches English in a Krakow public school, to earn some extra money. She has twelve students, aged eleven to thirteen, and for two hours twice a week they slug away at the job with rapt attention. Within three months they can take simple English dictation without making mistakes. She says it is wonderful to teach them, they are so clever, so eager to learn. What she reports seems to me a sort of miracle; try thinking of it in reverse, our children learning Polish.

The professor from the medical school at Krakow is, as they always politely say in Poland, "over sixty." He is a pre-war professor, and professors were and are very great people in Europe, and he was accustomed to quite an elegant standard of life. His university will celebrate its six hundredth anniversary in 1964; it is Ivy League in Poland, a famous center of learning. He doesn't so much talk as explode with energy; he shouted joyfully that, in his work, it is a thousand times better than before the war. There are now ten medical faculties instead of five, no trouble with politics for the last five years, all the money you want for research, every scientific publication from all over the world, colleagues coming from the West to visit; he himself does not want money, he has time only for work; what is bad is that the young assistants are not paid enough, very bad; and they lack foreign exchange to buy equipment in the West; but there are more students with more chances, and young doctors can go to the country, where they are needed, and make a good living. "We get on with the work," he roared — marvelous man.

I thought it fine Polish-funny that if you wanted a miner's point of view in Katowice you searched out your man in a night club. In a vast, ill-lit, dingy hall (standard for popular night clubs), the younger mining set was doing frantic rock-'n'-roll and did not look suitable for serious conversation. We found a very correct, nice, pudgy middle-aged man who turned out to be in the engineering section of the mine. He reads technical material in English, German, and Russian, but he is not a university graduate; he is a plain worker.

Perhaps the final comment on education in Poland was made by an old peasant woman who

lived in a meadow by a brook, in a log and plaster cottage painted pale blue, with a thatched roof. I loved the looks of this place and the inside of her house, with its big yellow tile stove for heating and cooking, its oil lamps. I thought this was the nearest I'd ever get to nineteenth-century peasants in Russian literature. She was as jolly as a grig; everything was right, her kerchief, her heavy boots, her large wool skirts, her lined face, her small gay blue eyes, her voice like a cackling giggling croak. We brought vodka with us, as a help to knocking on doors and asking personal questions of strangers, and this worked like a charm — not that any private person would refuse to let you in and to answer anything you asked. She wanted mainly and disconnectedly to talk of her sister, who had been in Auschwitz and was always ill, sick with the concentration-camp sickness — terrible changes in the body induced by starvation, which end, by some metabolic twist, as disabling obesity; her sister could not take a job where she had to stay in one room. This old woman's life can never have been anything but stony hardship, and it is the same now; she would not think it worth while to complain. But suddenly she said, "I can only scratch my name like a hen. Now the children go to school."

I LOVE and admire the Poles, and for their sake I wish I could report that life is better in Poland, more room to breathe, more hope, and more money. In 1958, there seemed little enough of those commodities, and now it is worse.

"Everyone is sick of politics," said Antoni. "All they care about is making money."

"And do they?"

"Oh, no, of course not. There is always less money. And prices go up and wages stay the same, or else, plop, they go down. And many people have no jobs. But there is no unemployment relief, because in a Communist State there can be no unemployment. And the labor exchanges do not find people work. It is a joke, no?"

"Since I'm not Polish, the answer is No."

"Many people are becoming Communists now, just for the sake of a job. That seems to me a big mistake. I think Communists should at least be sincere, don't you agree?"

A year and a half ago, we talked a great deal about the past war, about Russia, about fear of another war, even occasionally about the Polish government. This time, topic number one was economics, which is the nagging desperate preoccupation of the Poles. When they say they are interested in making money, they mean they are interested in staying alive.

People exist who can write intelligently about Marxist economics. To the ignorant outside observer, Marxist economics in Poland seems like a mad doctrinaire system, unrelated to human life or human nature, which is designed to keep people miserably poor. The State, the overall paymaster, does not pay a living wage. And meantime, it hounds the pitiful relicts of private enterprise that have somehow survived. (A miller by a stream: since the last of the Polish Kings, over two hundred years ago, his family has owned and operated an ancient wooden water wheel and ground grain for the neighbors. He is hardly a threat to any economic system. A wiser state — we will skip the idea of a kinder state — would even consider this man and his mill wheel as art objects to be preserved. He is being chevied out of existence by taxes; one small man lost in the countryside, one man with a handsome mourning face who sees the end of his line.)

Communist economics in Poland apparently works like Prohibition in America. Prohibition made the United States a nation of illegal drinkers; Communist economics forces the Poles to be finaglers, cheats, little or big crooks. If a charwoman is paid ten dollars a month for full-time work, she must obviously have several jobs or starve. So she checks in at two or more jobs, works a little, and badly, at each, and lives. If a janitor who shovels coal into boilers all night in the ravaging Polish climate earns sixteen dollars a month, he must obviously steal some of the coal to sell it on the black market, or starve. If you are higher up in the scale of employment, you can rob more from the State, and be caught and go to jail: a visit to the law courts any day will confirm this. "The most honest woman you could ever know," I heard, "she is in prison for embezzling. She did it for everyone else where she worked, too; she had to help them." "We are all honest here," said the peasant woman who rents rooms in her house for vacationing city people; she could not make a living off the farm. "But in the next village, someone robbed the co-op." "Oh, well," said the driver of our hired car, "they were only stealing from the State, not from real people."

Terror changes its face; for the past few years, there have been no political trials. In fact, what use is political rebellion of any kind? The Poles know their catastrophic geography and their ruthless neighbor. Now the State concentrates on money and snoops after any signs of well-being, for legally there should be none. Lawyers, organized into cooperatives, have private practices, with a fixed scale of fees; but they must not earn more than sixty dollars a month. A peasant remarked, "If you wear a pair of good trousers, they follow you to see where you got the money." A year

later, a man is ominously questioned as to how he managed to buy a car for his work. The ever-present, ever-menacing State, which taps telephones, opens mail, searches rooms, follows people, seems turned into a suspicious cash register with an X-ray eye. Those who have nothing must go on having nothing.

I don't pretend to understand what purpose or excuse there can be for such economics; I only know the atmosphere — anxiety, disgust, hopelessness — and the visible results. Dirt and neglect: oh, the bad food and scruffy rooms, the broken plumbing, the filthy, slow, overloaded trains, the antique planes with the heating out of order, freeze or boil, the shoddy goods at the absurd prices; and why not, why not? I also think that the pitiful drunkenness of the poor — half the ragged cotton-clad farmers in a squalid village pub dead drunk at two o'clock on a Monday afternoon, shabby men reeling dangerously in the dark streets — is due to this antihuman economics. If you cannot earn enough for a decent life and can no longer hope, you can at least get drunk. The State's solution is to raise the price of vodka, not wages.

When, by some miracle of good sense, a living wage is paid, the effect is of light flooding into darkness. One day we were following the usual custom of knocking on strangers' doors and were thus let into a flat in Nowa Huta. It was a clean one-room dwelling for a young man, his wife, and baby (plus kitchen and bath; rent \$1.72 a month). The young man was a mason; starting here as an unskilled worker at the age of fifteen, he had been employed for ten years in building these vast complexes of gray cement sardine tins and was now earning fifty-six dollars a month. That is more than a judge earns in Poland. He had medals for good workmanship, of which he was shyly proud. He reads six or seven newspapers a day and saves them. He loves the movies (favorites: Hitchcock's *Rear Window*, *Francis*, the "talking mule," and anything with Eartha Kitt). He had two books out from the lending library: Feuerbach's *Essence of Religion* and *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Once a month he goes to the theater — there is an especially fine one at Nowa Huta; to the movies three or four times a week; he watches and plays soccer. He is a contented man and a hard, competent worker. The State should arrive, in pilgrimage, and study this man and try to learn from him the basic truths about human needs, human hopes, human nature.

THE Communist Founding Fathers and their latter-day disciples either have never heard about

human nature or regard it as weak, contemptible, not here to stay. The result is a perpetual war between the State, which does not care for individuals, and the people, who continue to be individuals since they cannot deny their nature and become sheep. The most obvious battlefield in this war is religion. You cannot push your way into any church in Poland on Sunday morning; overflow crowds stand outside the doors listening to distant liturgy and music. Anyone, except the State, would realize what the Catholic Church means to the majority of Poles, to each one alone, in his heart. But the State does not learn about people; it only interferes with them. The last stupidity of the State produced a riot. This happened at Nowa Huta, and none of us saw it because the police arrested all journalists who appeared on the scene. About eight hours in the clink for foreigners; no news of what became of foolhardy Poles.

We heard about it within fifteen minutes of its start; all Poland heard about it presently, although nothing was printed in the papers for three days, and finally only a dotty paragraph which spoke of "irresponsible elements." Nowa Huta is the State's favorite showpiece; the steelworks are reputed to be first class, and though the housing is hideous, it is habitable, and there are special advantages — the theater, movies, a cabaret, cafés, library, sports grounds, and so on. The peasantry was then uprooted, brought here, taught skilled work, and paid well. Nowa Huta was meant to be an example of the brave new Communist world. The State did not, of course, build a church.

There are 110,000 people living in Nowa Huta, and they collected money amongst themselves to build a church, which must have depressed the State. They had a plot next to the theater; a cross was raised and foundations partly dug. One morning three workmen arrived and began to dismantle the cross. Workers' wives, in nearby flats, saw this and rushed out to ask why. The State, the workers said, had decided to build a school here, which was more necessary. The housewives hurled themselves on the unlucky workmen and beat them with bits of the cross; in no time there were 30,000 people rioting. They burned the Nowa Huta city hall, which is standard operational procedure when rioting; the object is to burn all the dossiers. They fought the police and some contingents of the army who were called in. There wasn't a policeman left in Krakow. Reports from Krakow residents who lived near the military hospital said that there was a heavy traffic of ambulances. Truckloads of workers were seen driving off to jail. Curfew was declared at Nowa Huta. There were excited rumors of a

partial strike at the steelworks. After four days, the cross was back in its place. The workers would have their church. People laughed and congratulated each other in the streets of Krakow; this was a victory for human nature.

COMMUNIST countries are prisons in the simplest sense; people are not allowed freedom of movement, to leave and to return when they want to. Since 1956, Poland has been a prison with small doors opening to the West; much better than the doorless prison lands. But the Communist rulers' attitude toward travel in the open world is not only a total admission of failure — contented people need not be denied the right to roam; it also proves their contempt for human needs, or indifference to them. People cannot bear to be locked up. Maybe they would not be able to travel if they were free to do so; money is a problem everywhere. What eats into the soul is the sense of being trapped.

If a Pole can arrange to be invited by someone, preferably a relative, living in the West who will pay for his round-trip ticket in hard currency and guarantee to support him while he is away, he can, with luck, and after both his and his host's massive struggles against red tape, get a passport. This may take anywhere from three months to a year and a half. The passport costs from ten to sixty dollars (I have no idea why there is this price range) and is valid for a short period, a few months. And the Poles long to travel in our world; not to leave Poland forever, but only to breathe another air for a while, see another life, learn. They have been jailed for twenty years.

A young painter asked me where I had been since last he saw me. I tried to remember the countries: various visits to France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, all over America. He laughed as if I had told him a magical tale, something between the *Arabian Nights* and the best joke of the year. He laughed with joy to think that all the countries were there and that someone he knew could actually go to them. He no longer talks of traveling himself.

I heard of a man who had been coping for over a year with the maddening, wearing obstacles put in the way of travel; at last he had his passport, at last he was to leave for Paris, whereupon the police advised him that it would be better not to go. Why? No reason. At this point, sane people go almost insane from the stupid, oppressive frustration of it all. My informant said, "It is not now like eyes burned out or somezing like zat; it is only ze tedium, ze tedium, it sacks ze nerves."

Every day these people are forced into contact

with the deadly, cheap, E. Phillips Oppenheim spy-story mentality of the State. Every day they have to swallow sickening doses of illogical bureaucracy, a bureaucracy which is Kafka mixed with Asiatic deviousness. And what for, what for? What does the State want? Clearly, everyone is guilty until proved innocent (crime not specified). Is the sole intention of all this hateful, invisible controlling to intimidate the Poles? It intimidates me all right; it does not intimidate the Poles.

The enslaving State is itself a slave of the Russian master; and Russian government has relied for centuries on the degrading practices of a secret police. The only long-term hope of the Poles is that the Russian people will demand more and more personal freedom, more human dignity, and so, by contagion, government in Poland might eventually become an open, daylight business.

One night, four of us were having a feast in a room like a stage set: it was an abject-poverty room, a tiny cell in a dark, dirty, overcrowded flat on an ugly street. There was an iron cot, three folding chairs, a table, an unshaded light bulb, and we were gloriously happy. I haven't been to such a good party since the last time I was in Poland. Our host, the youngest of the three young Poles, had spent his money, to my anxiety, on lots of bread and butter, some salami, a tin of sardines, withered apples, and vodka. We sat in the cold room, on the hard chairs and harder bed, for five perfect hours, eating, drinking, and laughing.

I almost wrecked the party with an outburst against the State, and I learned much of great importance to me. "The worst hotel rooms are supposed to be those with numbers ending in 2," I said. "It's so revolting and so pointless; and where are the mikes? And coming back to a hotel in the north and asking for your key, and the brute of a police agent at the desk says you must have taken it with you; but you couldn't take any room key anywhere in Poland — either it has a wooden turnip attached to it or a ring like a handcuff. Then the second police desk clerk arrives with your key in his hand and says blandly he was just checking to see if the room was still occupied. And never daring to speak anyone's name on the telephone, not that you have anything to say except 'Where shall we meet?' but you're afraid someday they'll get in trouble because they've talked to you." I was breathless; I had been at it on a large scale for some time. I saw that they looked uncomfortable. Julek patted my hand and offered me more vodka and another withered apple.

"Police, spying, terror, all that, we are so used to it; no one pays attention to it any more. It

becomes a form of entertainment for us. It is much more irritating if you can never get the sort of shoe polish you want."

The others laughed, the conversation changed, and I stood deeply corrected. I had behaved like someone who comes, for a few hours, to the front, where others live in constant peril, and babbles fear, spreading panic or dismay. This is not acceptable behavior at any front, nor in Poland. What the Poles' private secret feelings may be I do not know; singly and collectively they are sardonic about the hazards of their lives, always a little more weary, unyielding.

I listened to my friends and thought of all the Poles I knew or had met in passing. I thought of the extreme individualism of this people, which twenty years of different forms of tyranny has not chipped away. Each person owns his mind, and they are original, interesting minds, too.

Bits of conversation, pictures of places float about in my memory: the entrancing barmaid, who looked like a Bryn Mawr Brigitte Bardot, teaching historical fact to a long, lean, foolish young American. He was saying, "It's better to get any story over with. In a week, who is going to remember Chessman?" "I disagree," she said. "Don't you remember the Rosenbergs? People will remember Chessman." The taxi driver who spoke perfect Italian; his father had been killed by the Germans as a Communist; he himself hates all politics. He wished he could have met in his life Jack London and Hemingway; he had all their books in Polish and Italian. He admired America — "all Poles do" — but he deplored "the war against the Negroes in America. That is not good; that is racialism. America would rise very much in our eyes if they stopped that war." The student's cabaret, in a small, vaulted, grimy cellar: I could not understand a word and grasped at snippets of translation, but even with such a handicap it seemed to me wildly, irreverently

funny and professional, better than any expensive night-club show I could remember. In the middle, the young performers sang "in honor of our American friend" *Tipperary* in Russian, to the howling delight of the audience, which continues to regard anything in Russian as automatically, killingly comical.

"Antoni," I said, "could you ever live outside Poland?"

"No, I would not even try."

The evils that befall their country have no effect on the love of the Poles for their country, which is unique in the line of passionate patriotism. I think, at last, I know why. The very evils that befall them, and have through the centuries, and most cruelly these last twenty years, feed the love: one loves what is hurt and needs help. History treats Poles almost as specially and nearly as badly as it treats Jews. In another, very different room, a Pole, whom history had flung about from Manchuria to Lithuania to Brazil, said, "If our country were rich and happy, we could all go away. But, as it is not, we will never leave it."

"Julek," I asked, "have you ever been bored?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I have been bored all my life without knowing it. But what are you to do if you are kept waiting for half an hour in a restaurant? Hang yourself?"

Great backhanded compliments can be paid to poverty, suffering, and oppression: if they don't kill, they sharpen the mind and strengthen the spirit. The sharpened mind is lively, hungry, daring, and singularly free. The strengthened spirit is generous, loyal, grateful for life and for any small chance blessing. A visit to Poland is like stepping through the Looking Glass, but it is a highly therapeutic step. You remember again the splendor of human courage, and you learn humility.

I wonder if this is any sort of balance sheet on what is good and what is bad in Polish life today.

THE COST OF SECRECY

BY I. I. RABI

A nuclear physicist who was born in Austria and brought to this country in his infancy, DR. I. I. RABI was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1944. He has been a member of the Columbia University faculty since 1929 and was made Chairman of the President's Science Advisory Committee in 1957.

THE 1955 Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy marked the first massive confrontation of scientists from the Soviet bloc with their colleagues from the West. It opened an era of good feeling, of mutual understanding and respect, between these two groups of scientists, which has increased in time as more Americans have had the opportunity of visiting Russian installations, and vice versa. The intervening five years have shown that science and peace do have a connection, not yet as great as science and war but certainly not negligible. This year, for example, the Russians plan to send forty scientists to the Rochester Conference on high energy physics. Last year we sent sixty to the Kiev Conference in the same field.

These contacts between scientists have led to an important amount of declassification of scientific and technical information. This declassification has not only enlarged the area of fruitful exchange of information with the East and with our own allies but has also accelerated our own program because it has made possible a freer flow of information.

Indeed, one can say that science has provided an important bridge between the two rival blocs and a means for further peaceful cooperation, for the lessening of tension and suspicion. It is to be hoped that the failure of the Summit meeting will not cut the important and delicate cultural ties which have been established only with the greatest

effort and devotion on the part of scientists on both sides. Most scientists in the United States and in allied countries have regarded the advances toward a more open world as favorable omens for a future in which the threat of destructive warfare will hang less heavily over mankind. Most scientists have held this view, but not all.

A minority regards any lessening of tension as a prelude to a diminution of our effort in the development of atomic weapons and their means of delivery. In the opinion of this minority, safety can be achieved only by the development of atomic weapons to a degree which demands the utmost stretch of the imagination and the most devoted effort. No means are too large to apply to this end. They lay their hopes for peace, paradoxically enough, in a mutuality of terror, which they feel would immobilize all aggressive impulses in the nations of the world. While the large nations are being held back from attacking one another by the certainty of annihilating retaliation, limited warfare, according to this view, could go on quite in the classical pattern without a great deal of disturbance. With sufficient effort, atomically advanced nations would in time possess stores of atomic weapons so cheap and so plentiful that they could overcome the resistance of less advanced nations with the same ease with which the Spaniards conquered Peru.

My pictures may be sharply drawn, but no one

who has followed the discussions will suggest that the positions taken by the two sides are caricatured beyond recognition. Granted that my description has some relation to reality, we ask ourselves, What is the course of wisdom in the midst of these divided counsels? How should the atom and peace be conjoined so that our young people may see a future before them in which, at the end of the rainbow, there awaits something more pleasant than a huge supernuclear explosion?

The solution to the dread problems posed by the advances of science and technology can certainly not be found by the scientists alone, just as they cannot be solved by men who have little or no knowledge of science or technology, however great the responsibility which has been thrust on them, either by election or by appointment. President Eisenhower has well realized the degree to which science and technology enter into many questions of highest policy. In a pioneering step, he created the position of Special Assistant to the President for Science and Technology, which for more than two years has been held by men of the highest distinction. Yet, although their efforts have been immensely fruitful, much more is required. Even a combination of the best brains in our country from all fields of experience — scientific, business, religious, and ethical, as well as academic and political — is hardly equal to the task of mapping a wise and safe course through the tangle of mistrust and terror which has grown up in the post-war years. We must find a way through this thicket of charge and countercharge, in which reason and common sense can prevail in the end.

THE history of the efforts to prevent a runaway catastrophe in the use of atomic weapons begins in 1946 with the Acheson-Lilienthal report. It goes on to the Baruch proposals, later modified to be the United Nations proposal for the control of atomic energy. When these measures failed, there was a quiescent period in which the Soviets acquired the atomic bomb, which was followed by the United States thermonuclear bomb, and again by the Soviet thermonuclear weapon.

In 1955, during the Geneva Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, I was asked to represent the United States in a discussion with the Soviet representative on the question of safeguards which might be devised, so that the spread of the peaceful uses of atomic energy would not be a danger to peace through the clandestine diversion of bomb material. Dr. Eugene P. Wigner and Dr. Walter H. Zinn were with me in this enterprise. The discussions hinged on a new agency to be formed, as suggested by President

Eisenhower. This agency, the International Atomic Energy Agency, is now in existence, but the dangers to peace have not diminished to any great degree. Our meeting in 1955 ended in failure, as have many other such meetings. We had a majority in favor of our proposals, a fact which gave us a certain moral glow, tempered, however, by the sober thought that this majority was composed of the already convinced.

It is customary to lay the blame for most such failures in negotiating sessions on the Russians. And, indeed, I would be among the last to deprive them of their proper share of the blame, which is large. But we are not blameless. Although we cannot do much about reforming the Russians, we ought to be able to take steps to set our own house in order, for our policy is far from clear, even to ourselves.

Until recently, the initiative for new proposals to reduce the dangers to peace has come from the United States. Although few of the proposals had any effect, they did a great deal to enhance our prestige and moral position in the eyes of the world. Now, owing to confusion and lethargy, the leadership is being appropriated by the Soviets, a trend which should cause us grave concern.

Those of us who travel abroad and have the problem of representing the United States in one way or another are often taken aback at the degree and intensity of criticism which is directed both at our actions and at the statements of some of our political figures. No such intense criticism is directed at the Soviet Union for acts compared with which our own slips would seem to be minor. At first sight, the criticism which holds us to a stricter accounting seems unfair. However, if one probes more deeply, this attitude is quite natural.

We must understand that we occupy an entirely different position in the world from that of the Russians. Not only is the United States the leader of the Western world, but to an extent greater than we realize, the United States is the leader of the whole world. Beneath the scoffing, mocking, and hostility of the Communist world, there is nevertheless a deep respect. America is the ideal, not only materially but in most elements of existence which human beings share in common. If America were to disappear, there would be no embodiment of the Russian goal, no one to catch up with and surpass. For these reasons, when we fall short of the high standards which we and the world have set for us, the failure is felt very deeply. The elevated and rarefied moral atmosphere in which we are supposed to live may be a bit hard on us plain folks here at home, but it is the role which we have assumed and the role which we have to play.

If one can be certain of anything in the un-

certain course of events in this decade, it is this: the moment the United States stops supplying leadership, the world as we know it will disintegrate and fragment into chaos, with no one but the Russians to pick up the pieces. We therefore have a moral obligation to be wise, in order to guide ourselves and others, and to be prosperous, so that we can spare from our own supplies to help others. We seem to have found a way to be prosperous, and now we ask ourselves, How can we cultivate wisdom in policy and action, especially in the field of atomic energy for war and peace, which is so central to all our problems?

As I review the fifteen years which have passed since the end of the war, I am forced to the conclusion that many of our difficulties stem from one fundamental distortion of our natural habit: the distortion caused by the exaggerated secrecy in the military field, and in the atomic field especially. All will agree that these fields are central to our problems of foreign and domestic policy, but one may well ask why I regard secrecy, which seems so necessary, as being at the same time so very damaging.

The answer lies in our history and our tradition. We are a pluralistic society dedicated to a distribution both of authority and responsibility. We have always been against concentration of power in Washington, whether in the hands of the President or lesser public officials. The pressure of events has compelled a greater and greater concentration of power, but it has been granted most grudgingly. To some, the weakness of our central government is a source of regret, but there is no doubt as to the general public feeling. Washington is and always has been suspect.

Although the Constitution vests control of foreign policy firmly in the hands of the President, in actual fact the President does not operate in a vacuum. He must share his responsibilities with the Senate and with the House of Representatives. Agencies of the government, in addition to the Department of State, are directly concerned; the Department of Defense and the Atomic Energy Commission are the most important. Beyond these, there are other agencies, but almost as important are the press — the daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals — television, and radio. Behind these are the opinion makers in the universities, in the labor unions, in large and small business, and, of newer importance, the scientists and experts of every variety.

Policy comes out as a harmony produced by all these interacting forces, each contributing after its own unique fashion. This has been the Ameri-

can tradition and practice. Now, what happens when secrecy intervenes? Pathetic and profound ignorance of the facts in their proper context does not prevent the policy makers outside of government from carrying on in the field of atomic energy as if all were clear to them. They gather a rumor here, a leak there, and off they go. Ignorant or learned, they take a stand, and public opinion is formed.

Our government cannot act strongly without ample support from public opinion. For wise action, an informed public opinion is necessary. When secrecy intervenes, an informed public opinion can hardly exist. Too often we have, instead, a manipulated public opinion formed by leaks, half-truths, innuendoes, and sometimes by outright distortion of the actual facts.

One would think that the policy makers within the various departments and agencies of government would be free of the disabilities which afflict the unanointed without. Not at all. Under the sensible doctrine that a secret shared by many is not secret at all, a person is admitted to a share of classified information under the rubric "need to know." For years after the war, this doctrine was interpreted so as to keep information about atomic weapons from the military other than the highest officers, which often meant from the officers who did the actual planning. The difficulty of secrecy within the government is that, unless administered with the greatest wisdom, it furthers confusion, which comes from ignorance or partial knowledge, and often results in inaction or unwise acts. The farcical snafu of the U-2 incident with all its overtones of tragedy shows how great the costs of secrecy can be, even in the highest echelons of government.

We can now ask ourselves, What have we really gained from our exaggerated secrecy in the way of real security? Actually, very little. The Russians are not far behind us in atomic weapons, but our allies have been left way behind, after expending an enormous treasure in trying to rediscover facts and techniques already known to the Russians as well as to ourselves. The secrets of military technology must be as highly protected as any trade secrets, but only as long as they are real secrets. In most cases, this time is measured in years rather than in decades. Although most policy makers, amateur or professional, are not deeply interested in or capable of judging the technological situation, secrecy results in frustration, doubt, and timidity about the exercise of any independent judgment. The result has been that a number of less inhibited men of greater or lesser scientific or technical accomplishment, but with a low boiling point, have been gaining the public ear on the basis of prestige acquired through

a technical accomplishment, quite limited in scope. Their policy statements are given weight on the basis of skills not necessarily relevant to the dread subjects of war and peace, which they discuss with easy confidence. Were it not for the secrecy which hides the hard core of the matter, the intelligent public would be quite capable of judging the questions under discussion. The fear of being guilty of a judgment based on a partial knowledge of the facts misleads many judicious people into accepting judgments by others whose knowledge is often even more partial but which extends into the dread domain of the top-secret.

The questions which should concern the informed nontechnical general opinion are such questions as: How many weapons do we actually have? What are their means of delivery? What are the effects of these weapons? What is the composition of the stockpile in the range of yields and sizes? How much do they cost? Who controls them, and by what means are they controlled? What are claimed to be the further needs for nuclear and other weapons, and what is the justification? What do we know about the state of weapons in other countries?

The answer to every one of these questions falls under a high degree of classification. Some of them have this classification for very good reasons, and others merely from force of habit. One can nevertheless ask, How can the publisher, editor, commentator, or editorial writer of an important organ influential in informing and shaping public opinion carry on in an intelligent way without a fairly full knowledge of these and other facts?

Most of the fog which surrounds these matters serves only to confuse the American citizenry. Actually, a great deal of information concerning the general questions I have raised is in the public domain. The general budget of the Atomic Energy Commission is known, and the ambitious newspaperman can learn a great deal from it. The services in their rival claims do, in the end, tell a great deal about their military secrets, and the practiced eye can discern this information.

In the same way, other important secrets do leak out, bit by bit. It is hard to believe that foreign governments, friendly or hostile, have not given these matters, as they appear in public documents, very close study; they therefore must possess fairly reliable estimates. Our press could do likewise, but the fact is that it has not availed itself of the wealth of material which already exists. The reason for these inhibitions can best be discovered by members of the fourth estate.

We have been engaged in tripartite negotiations with the Soviets and the United Kingdom on a test suspension coupled with a system of inspection. Clearly, this is a most delicate matter, perhaps best left to the wisdom of the President and his most trusted advisers who have access to full information. Nevertheless, it was not left to the President, and public debate, which impairs the freedom of action of the President, has been raging over the land. This would be the right thing if the debate were well informed. Unfortunately, when the debate is not well informed it becomes a conflict of pressure groups rather than a quest for clarity and wisdom.

To live at peace with the atom, we must find our way back to the fundamental principles on which this republic was founded. We must again become a nation of free men informed by a free press. Since the very beginning, we have been told that this is a dangerous doctrine. In about a century and three quarters of national existence, we have learned to live dangerously in a dynamic society. Totalitarian countries preserve their secrecy by regimenting their people, giving them neither freedom of travel, freedom of the press, freedom of conscience, nor freedom of opinion. Some may envy their secrecy, but no one will envy their lives.

Our ancient freedoms also entail responsibilities and can be exercised successfully only by people who have learned how to handle freedom over a long period of time. We must not let this skill atrophy for want of use while pursuing the phantom of security through secrecy.



THE CASE FOR ENDING NUCLEAR TESTS

BY HANS A. BETHE

The debate over whether or not to end nuclear testing has now reached international proportions. One of the most eminent scientists who believes that we can and should stop the tests is DR. HANS A. BETHE of Cornell Laboratory of Nuclear Studies.

Dr. Bethe, who was born in Strasbourg, became a naturalized citizen in 1941, and for his work in aiding the development of the A-bomb he received the President's Medal of Merit in 1946.

THE cessation of nuclear weapons tests has been debated in the newspapers, in Congress, and most of all, in Geneva, where there have been what I consider honest negotiations. Concrete proposals have been made by both sides, by the East and by the West; there has been a considerable measure of agreement between East and West; and a number of articles of a treaty have been accepted.

The fundamental points of view of the two sides on disarmament measures were quite different. The Soviet Union advocated just a piece of paper on which we would agree to reduce our armaments. The United States and Britain insisted on the verification of any treaty concerning the limitation of armaments.

Because of the Russian desire for secrecy, the West proposed that the verification of a test cessation agreement should be primarily by physical methods, which would mean less intrusion into the privacy of the Soviet Union. It is clear that the Russians have by now accepted the major principle on which the United States has insisted; namely, that there should be a control system for the test cessation agreement. This in itself is an important result of the negotiations, and we must not jeopardize this achievement by either breaking off the negotiations or by making unreasonable demands which we know Russia cannot fulfill.

The problem of detection of nuclear explosions varies with the medium in which the nuclear ex-

plosion is set off. Until recently, practically all the nuclear explosions were set off in the atmosphere, either on the ground or higher up. The best-known method for detection of nuclear explosions is the collection of radioactive debris, by planes flying in those regions where the debris is expected to arrive, or on the ground from fall-out. However, the collection of fall-out on the ground is quite unreliable, because the winds may carry the radioactive debris in one direction or another.

We can also detect a nuclear explosion by the acoustic method, which consists in recording the pressure wave created by the explosion. Though the pressure decreases as the wave passes through the atmosphere, it remains recordable to a distance of 10,000 miles. The wave is such a good indicator of nuclear explosions that the United States has usually announced Russian explosions very soon after they have taken place. We have announced far more Russian explosions than the Russians themselves. Similarly, the Russians have been able to detect our nuclear explosions.

To improve detection, it was proposed as part of a treaty on the cessation of nuclear tests to have a large number of stations in each country, especially in Russia, in the United States, and in the British Commonwealth, all equipped with detection instruments. With the network of stations worked out in the Geneva negotiations, it was generally agreed that we would be able to detect and

identify explosions in air down to the level of one kiloton, or possibly lower.

The second medium in which nuclear explosions have been set off is underwater. Such explosions are, if anything, even easier to detect than those in air, because the pressure wave is very well propagated through water, so much so that even an explosion of a few tons, not kilotons, can be recorded through water for thousands of miles.

Another location where nuclear tests might be carried out is in outer space. Detection there is considerably more difficult than in the air or in water, but it is confidently expected that one could detect nuclear weapons tests to distances of at least a million miles, which is four times the distance from here to the moon.

UNDERGROUND testing is our most vexing problem and has received the most publicity. It has the obvious advantage that it does not contaminate the atmosphere, and therefore the great disadvantage, from a detection point of view, that radioactive air samples cannot be collected. From experience gained in Nevada, we know how deep an explosion has to be buried in order to prevent escape of radioactive material into the air. A kiloton bomb must be buried about four hundred feet underground; a twenty-kiloton bomb, about eleven hundred.

The displacement of the earth produced by an underground explosion is sufficiently great to be recorded easily by a seismograph, unless the explosion itself is very small. The two largest underground explosions to date were carried out in Nevada in the fall of 1958. One of these was five kilotons and the other twenty; they could be observed on the seismographs throughout the United States, and the larger one gave a clear signal in Russia.

Unfortunately, underground explosions produce the same type of record as earthquakes; namely, seismograms consisting of a series of perhaps twenty wiggles. There are very few ways to distinguish between the two types of seismogram. The best distinguishing mark that seismologists have been able to find is the direction of the so-called first motion — whether the first wiggle starts up or down.

The criteria for distinguishing earthquakes from explosions were discussed in detail in the Geneva negotiations. It was decided that control stations should be set up at regular intervals of about six hundred miles in seismic regions — that is, regions in which earthquakes normally occur — and about a thousand miles in aseismic regions. This figures out to about twenty stations in the U.S.S.R.

It is estimated that one to two hundred earthquakes with a force equivalent to that of an explosion of twenty kilotons occur in the Soviet Union every year. Of these, about half would be distinguished from explosions by first motion and other features in the seismograms obtained in the Geneva network of stations. This leaves about fifty to a hundred earthquakes a year which cannot be distinguished from explosions.

The only sure way to tell an earthquake from an explosion is to send an inspection team to the location of the earth disturbance. A combination of seismograms from several stations can determine the location to an accuracy of about five miles. Thus, one would have to send an inspection team to explore an area of about a hundred square miles for evidence of an explosion. A number of scientists have tried to work out procedures for such an inspection.

How many inspection teams would have to be sent out every year? Would one inspect every one of the fifty to a hundred questionable events? I do not think so. It is generally agreed that about 30 per cent would suffice. This would mean about twenty inspections in the Soviet Union annually in order to monitor possible nuclear tests above twenty kilotons.

A detailed study of the problem has been made by Dr. Richard Latter of the Rand Corporation. He finds that the capability of the control system would be greatly increased by distributing the stations somewhat differently from the pattern proposed in the Geneva negotiations and by increasing their number in Russia from twenty to thirty. This would make it much easier to distinguish earthquakes from explosions, so that only about ten earthquakes per year in the Soviet Union with a force equivalent to twenty kilotons or more will remain unidentified by their seismograms. Ten inspections would therefore cover all doubtful events equivalent to twenty kilotons or more. Forty inspections would make it possible to monitor all earthquakes above five kilotons. (A five-kiloton bomb is a small bomb. The Nagasaki bomb had a force of twenty kilotons.)

We must keep in mind, however, that our underground explosions in the past have been carried out in Nevada tuff, in a rock which is very soft and which therefore gives a relatively strong seismic signal. If the underground explosion is carried out in harder rock, such as salt, granite, or limestone, it creates a smaller signal. A signal which corresponds to a five-kiloton explosion in tuff may correspond to perhaps ten or fifteen kilotons in these harder types of rock. Even fifteen kilotons is not a very large atomic explosion.

Our capability of detection and inspection of underground explosions under the Geneva or the

Latter system would be quite satisfactory were it not for the possibility of deliberate concealment of explosions by a process known as decoupling, or muffling.

A very powerful method has been proposed by Dr. Albert Latter, the brother of Dr. Richard Latter. The method consists of making an enormous cavity underground and setting off the atomic bomb in the middle of the cavity. One can calculate that the apparent size of the explosion is thereby reduced by a factor of about 300.

Latter's decoupling theory was invented about January, 1959, and was then checked by many scientists, including me. It was experimentally verified with small explosions of conventional high explosive in Louisiana early this year. To decouple the explosion of a twenty-kiloton weapon, a spherical hole of about fifty million cubic feet, or nearly five hundred feet in diameter, is necessary. Moreover, the hole has to be three thousand feet below ground. The big room of Carlsbad Caverns is only big enough to muffle ten kilotons.

It would obviously be very slow and very expensive to excavate such a hole by a normal mining operation, with pick and shovel and high explosives. However, in salt domes, large holes can be made by washing out the salt; that is, by pumping water in and pumping brine out. Experts of the oil industry have estimated that to excavate a hole big enough to muffle a twenty-kiloton explosion would take more than two years and would cost about ten million dollars. This is quite a lot of money, but the time factor is probably more important. The actual washing operation has to be preceded by an engineering study, and after completion of the hole, considerable time is required to set up and complete an atomic test.

Whether a five-hundred-foot hole in a salt dome could be maintained is not known. Holes of about one tenth that volume are used to store oil and gasoline. It is also unknown whether a hole could be used repeatedly for nuclear testing.

I cannot imagine that the washing of a five-hundred-foot hole would go undetected, even in a closed country like the Soviet Union. Just the amount of salt water which would be carried up to the earth's surface is staggering, being many times the volume of the salt. Somehow this salt water must be disposed of. One possibility is to dump the brine directly into the sea or into depleted oil wells, but both of these methods severely limit the geographical areas in which the hole could be constructed. A more widely applicable method would be to dump it into a river. But even in a very big river, like the Ohio or the St. Lawrence, the salt excavated from one big hole would double the salt content for a year. The increase would be very easy to discover by making a

chemical analysis of the river water at regular intervals.

It is important that there are relatively few locations in which large holes can reasonably be dug; one needs salt domes and, in addition, ways to dispose of the salt water. In other types of rock, both excavation and disposal of the excavated material would be far more troublesome, and the resulting hole would probably be less safe and less reliable for decoupling. Luckily for inspection, the geographical regions where salt domes are known to exist are generally aseismic, so that any seismic signal originating from these regions would be suspicious. For the same reason, only a few inspections would be needed to guard against muffled shots. Of course, one first has to get a signal from a muffled explosion. How this can be done I shall discuss later.

THE main question is: Does any country want to go to such an extreme as constructing the big hole in order to cheat on a test ban? Can we really assume that the Russians would go to the trouble of negotiating a test cessation treaty just in order to turn around the next day and violate it?

Having participated in the negotiations with the Russian scientists at Geneva on three occasions, I believe that they are sincere in wanting the test cessation agreement and do not intend to cheat on it. For instance, in November, 1959, although the Russians were in many ways reluctant to agree with the American delegation, they were very eager to accept any improvements in detection apparatus suggested by the Americans. If the Russians wished to violate the treaty, they would have objected to these improvements.

Many other Americans, without disagreeing on any of the scientific facts, believe that the Russians are bent on violation, and they therefore oppose the cessation of testing. Dr. Edward Teller has argued this point repeatedly, and in particular in his television discussions with Lord Bertrand Russell. His line of reasoning runs as follows: "We cannot detect Russian underground tests of bombs of small yield; since we cannot detect these tests, we should assume that they are carrying out such tests. If they carry out such tests and we do not, then they will soon be ahead of us in the area of small nuclear weapons. When they are ahead of us in this area, they will have military superiority, and thereby they can blackmail us into complete submission. At that moment the whole free world will have to capitulate to Russian Communism."

It seems to me this is a series of non sequiturs. Every one of these steps, I think, is very unlikely. I do not think the Russians intend to violate a treaty banning weapons tests; I do not think that

the Russians could risk cheating, even if there is only a small likelihood of being detected. Even if we had no system of physical stations detecting nuclear tests, the Russians would not risk having some defector tell us about a clandestine nuclear explosion. If there were such a defector telling us of a Russian violation, it would not be very difficult to find physical evidence of it. I believe that the Soviet Union, which is posing as a peace-loving nation, whether rightly or wrongly, simply cannot afford to be caught in a violation, and therefore I think that it will not try to cheat.

But even supposing that the Russians wanted to cheat, what would they need to do? One violation, one nuclear test below ground, does not do much for the development of weapons. In the first place, they would have to develop entirely new methods to assess the results of a nuclear test. Most of the methods commonly used for observing the results of a test in air do not work underground. Probably several explosions of weapons whose performance is already known are required to develop methods of observation underground. Second, two or more test explosions are often needed to develop a single new weapon. Finally, a country which already has dozens of types of weapons will hardly be interested in developing just one more, in violation of a treaty. For all these reasons, a potential violator of the treaty would only be interested if he could perform a whole series of tests.

Now, if a series of tests were carried out, all at the same location, this would greatly simplify the work of the detecting agency. It would merely be necessary to detect the disturbances on the seismograph, not to distinguish them from earthquakes. The fact of repeated seismic disturbances originating from the same location (except as aftershocks of one big earthquake) would be sufficiently suspicious to warrant dispatching an inspection team to their site. With our accepted Geneva system of twenty stations in the Soviet Union, it is generally agreed that we could record disturbances underground of less than one kiloton. Thus, to violate the treaty without being detected, it would be necessary to find a new location for practically every test in the series. The development of a new test site would add enormously to the cost, complexity, and inconvenience of testing.

I HAD the doubtful honor of presenting the theory of the big hole to the Russians in Geneva in November, 1959. I felt deeply embarrassed in so doing, because it implied that we considered the Russians capable of cheating on a massive scale. I think that they would have been quite justified if

they had considered this an insult and had walked out of the negotiations in disgust.

The Russians seemed stunned by the theory of the big hole. In private, they took the Americans to task for having spent the last year inventing methods to cheat on a nuclear test cessation agreement. Officially, they spent considerable effort in trying to disprove the theory of the big hole. This is not the reaction of a country that is bent on cheating.

Two of the Russian scientists presented to the Geneva Conference their supposed proof that the big hole would not work. A day or two later, Dr. Latter and I gave the counterproof and showed, with the help of the Russian theory itself, that the Russian proof was wrong and that the theory of the big hole and the achievable decoupling factor were correct. We have been commended in the American press for this feat in theoretical physics. I am not proud of it.

In the recent hearings before the Joint Atomic Energy Committee of Congress, Dr. Teller recommended that we in the United States should continue determined research to find out further methods of decoupling, further methods of reducing the signal from an underground explosion. His argument is that we have to know all the possible methods of concealment if we are to develop a detection system which can deal with them. This may be so, but should we really spend our time and effort in drawing up a blueprint for a violator of the treaty, and also do the engineering development for him?

The Russians themselves have been quite consistent in their attitude toward decoupling. In negotiations in Geneva for joint research on improvement of seismic detection, they refused, as recently as May of this year, to participate in any research or decoupling or to permit the United States to engage in such research. "The Russian people," said Mr. Tsarapkin, the U.S.S.R. delegate, "will not understand it if research under the test ban treaty is conducted for the purpose of defeating the treaty."

Because of the difficulties of detecting small nuclear tests underground, President Eisenhower on February 11 proposed to the two other great nuclear powers to effect, for the time being, only a partial test ban treaty. Tests in the atmosphere and underwater, as well as in the nearer parts of outer space, would be discontinued. He proposed to ban all large nuclear explosions underground, those giving a signal equivalent to twenty kilotons or more under Nevada conditions. Smaller explosions and decoupled tests would be permitted, because they cannot be identified by the present system.

Further, the President proposed, the three pow-

ers should start intensive research on the improvement of methods for detection and identification of underground explosions, so that in time the treaty could be extended to smaller underground explosions, and perhaps a complete ban could be effected in the end.

This proposal was accepted by the U.S.S.R. on March 19 with an important modification; namely, that there should be a moratorium on smaller nuclear tests for a number of years. While only the large tests would be prohibited in the treaty itself, the three powers would declare in a separate document that they would refrain from carrying out nuclear explosions under twenty kilotons. The Russians proposed four to five years as the duration of such a moratorium; the West, two to three years.

To pursue this proposal further, the seismologists of the three nuclear powers met in May in Geneva to make plans for joint research on seismic detection. A large measure of agreement was achieved, but there is still a question as to the number and type of nuclear explosions to be used in this research.

Somehow, the seismic research has become identified in the mind of the public with the setting off of underground test explosions. This is by no means correct. The main problem is to improve the instruments of detection. This can be done largely by utilizing signals from earthquakes. Few explosions will be needed.

We need instruments which will give us more diversified information. We want to eliminate from the seismograms as far as possible the "noise"; that is, the ever-present, minute, irregular motions of the earth. We need to learn to utilize calculating machines and mathematical tricks for the analysis of the records. We want to learn to deduce the shape and depth of the original earth displacement caused by a disturbance hundreds or thousands of miles distant from the recording instrument. At present, the depth can be deduced from the seismogram only if it is very great — about thirty miles or more. Perhaps we can learn to determine the depth of the source of the seismic signal to an accuracy of one mile. If this were possible, then signals originating from a depth of at least two miles could be attributed to earthquakes, because it is extremely difficult to drill holes that deep.

A NUMBER of promising ideas for improved detection were proposed in the spring of 1959 by the Berkner Panel, which was set up by the President's Science Advisory Committee to study the problem of detection of nuclear explosions. Some of these ideas were proposed to the Russians at the Techni-

cal Conference in November, 1959. With a lot of research there is good hope for substantial improvement of the art of detection during a two- or three-year moratorium.

Would it be possible by these improvements to detect a decoupled test of a twenty-kiloton explosion in a big hole, using only the twenty seismic stations provided in the Geneva system? We do not know. It must be remembered that, with a decoupling factor of 300, a twenty-kiloton explosion looks like only seventy tons, not kilotons, and this is a very small explosion indeed. With the present methods, the Geneva system can only detect and locate explosions down to about seven hundred tons, not identify them.

But suppose it is impossible to improve the seismic techniques sufficiently by research. We already know one method which would certainly enable us to detect even the fully decoupled tests. This method is to make the spacing between stations much smaller. My proposal would be to decrease the spacing from 600 miles, as agreed to in the Geneva negotiations, to 120 miles in the seismic regions, and also in those regions where there are salt domes. In the parts of the Soviet Union where there are neither earthquakes nor salt domes, the stations could be distributed at a much wider spacing — let us say, 250 miles. With such spacing, one would need about two hundred stations to cover the Soviet Union.

If the whole of the Soviet Union, seismic and aseismic regions alike, were to be covered by stations at 120-mile spacing, six hundred stations would be needed. I mentioned this number during the congressional hearings which were held in April, 1960, under the chairmanship of Mr. Hollifield. The number was then quoted out of context and without the proper qualifications in sensational press reports which implied that I no longer supported a test ban treaty. This, of course, did not correspond to the intention of my testimony.

The twenty stations in the U.S.S.R. which are provided by the Geneva system will be large, manned stations, each with about thirty technical people plus supporting personnel. They will have equipment to observe nuclear tests in the air as well as underground, and each station will have an array of a hundred seismographs in order to reduce the "noise."

The additional two hundred stations which I am proposing would be unmanned robot stations with one seismograph each, or possibly two. Such a system of robot stations would be simpler, cheaper, and, at the same time, more effective for seismic detection than the twenty large stations. I should think that these additional robot stations might well be acceptable to the Russians, especially if we do not demand them now but keep this idea in

mind as a way out if no better method is discovered to observe decoupled tests.

How much would such a system of small stations cost? Two estimates have arrived independently at a figure of about \$100,000 for each of these small stations. This includes provision for making the station "tamperproof." While one cannot expect such tamperproofing to be 100 per cent effective, one can expect to design the station in such a way that any tampering will be observable.

It is important to have reliable transmission of information from the robot stations to the large stations. Various methods of transmission have been considered by a group of communications experts. The total cost of the system of small stations in Russia, even with the most elaborate communication links, is estimated to be less than two hundred million dollars. Engineering estimates have also been made of the cost of the basic twenty-station net. No final figure has been given, but a total of half a billion for both the small and the large stations is probably the best conservative guess that can be made at present. This is not cheap, but it is a great deal less than the one to five billion dollars for the large stations alone which was mentioned in the Holifield hearings in April.

The system of robot stations is expected to detect and identify fully decoupled twenty-kiloton tests in the seismic regions. It is expected to detect and locate, but not identify, similar tests in the aseismic regions. I have previously shown that, once you get a signal, the number of inspections can be held within reasonable bounds. Of course, the robot stations would also greatly improve the detection of normal, not decoupled shots. It would be easy to detect and identify earthquakes down to one kiloton or less. Hence, the number of inspections could be greatly reduced.

It has been argued that several years will pass before we can build the system of small robot stations. This is true, but it would also take several years before a sufficiently large cavity could be constructed and successfully used.

In the meantime, there is a possibility of using already existing, smaller cavities in salt. There seem to exist, at least in this country, several holes which would fully decouple an explosion of two or three kilotons. If similar cavities exist in Russia, it must be admitted that it would be possible to use these for testing very small weapons; there will always be a threshold of detection, even with the best detection system. The question is whether such testing would be worth while. Moreover, a two-kiloton hole could be used to achieve partial decoupling for a larger explosion — say, twenty kilotons. From the Louisiana experiments, one may estimate that this proportion of hole size to explosion energy will give decoupling by a

factor of 30. The twenty-kiloton explosion then looks like two thirds of a kiloton. This is just detectable by the Geneva net of stations, although without the robot stations a signal of this size could not be distinguished from an earthquake. Thus, with the Geneva net alone, it would be risky for a violator to attempt a partially decoupled explosion of twenty kilotons. A ten-kiloton explosion, partially decoupled in an existing two-kiloton hole, could probably go undetected until either we have robot stations or significant improvements have been made in the art of detection. However, it seems from the Louisiana experiments that the cavity will suffer damage when it is used for partial decoupling of an oversized explosion. It is, then, very doubtful whether it could be used more than once. In this way, the few existing big holes would soon be used up.

I believe, therefore, that it is technically feasible to devise a system of detection stations and inspections which will give reasonable assurance against clandestine testing, with the possible exception of very small, decoupled tests.

A key point in the monitoring system is on-site inspection. This was recognized as necessary in the Experts Conference of the summer of 1958. The Russians agreed reluctantly, but they did agree, to a passage which says that "all events which are recorded by the control stations and which could be suspected of being nuclear explosions will have to be inspected on the site." This passage, which our negotiators insisted on, has been a very powerful argument for our side. I am sure that the Russians have often regretted that they agreed to it. On the other hand, our delegation would not have agreed to the final report of the conference without this passage.

Estimates made in Washington have ranged as high as from one to three hundred necessary inspections per year in the Soviet Union for a complete test ban. Obviously, the Soviet Union wishes to prevent such a large number of inspections. Soviet negotiators have objected time and time again that we would use the on-site inspections for espionage purposes.

To solve this impasse, Prime Minister Macmillan, on his visit to Moscow in the spring of 1959, proposed that there should be a fixed quota of inspections every year in each country and that, in exchange, each side should have free choice of the inspections to be made on the territory of the other.

In other words, if a suspicious event is recorded on the seismographs in Russia, then the West, which means essentially the United States and

Britain, would have the right to choose whether or not to inspect this event. They would decide on the basis of other knowledge whether it is reasonable in that particular locality to suspect a nuclear explosion. If, for example, the seismic event is shown to originate from a completely trackless wilderness in the mountains, then it may be presumed by the West that it was not a nuclear explosion. If, however, the seismic event is recorded in an abandoned mining area where one might very easily dig a tunnel to put in a nuclear bomb for testing, or especially in a salt dome area, then we would presumably insist on inspecting that area.

It seems to me that this idea of a quota, combined with free choice by the West of the events to be inspected in Russia, is a good compromise. Russia has accepted this idea in principle; our government has not: it insists on inspection of a percentage of the suspicious events rather than a fixed number. This implies that the number of inspections would be determined on the basis of technical need. The Russian position is that the quota must be determined on the basis of political acceptability alone.

In practice, however, the U.S. government has adopted the quota idea as part of President Eisenhower's proposal of February 11, 1960, of a partial ban on nuclear tests. He proposed that this partial test ban be enforced by a quota of about twenty inspections per year in the U.S.S.R., a very reasonable number. The Russians, while accepting the February proposal with some modification, have not as yet responded to the proposed number of inspections. In fact, they have never officially mentioned any number and have given us to understand only that they are thinking of very small numbers of inspections. But one point is clear: The quota must be fixed by the negotiators before either Russia or the West will sign a treaty.

LET us assume the most unlikely and worst possible case; let us assume that the Russians have gone to all the trouble of negotiating a treaty only in order to violate it. It would take them a very long time to set off any significant number of explosions; it would take a tremendous effort. It is generally agreed that they could test only small nuclear weapons. Even in the area of small nuclear weapons, a test series would take a number of years. Now, let us even assume that the Russians wish to go to all this trouble just to develop further small nuclear weapons. Where do we stand?

At this time, it is generally agreed that we are far ahead of Russia in the development of small

nuclear weapons. We have nuclear weapons ranging from twenty kilotons down to a fraction of a kiloton. We have them in all different sizes. We have weapons which can be carried in big airplanes, in fighter planes, in ballistic missiles, in land-based rockets, and even in airborne rockets to bring down enemy planes. We have nuclear weapons which can be shot in short-range rockets, like Honest John; we have nuclear weapons so small that they can be carried by the infantry with relative ease. We have an enormous arsenal of such weapons. The Russians also have a number of such weapons, but their arsenal in the field of small weapons, as far as we know, is much more limited than ours, and probably their weapons are not quite as sophisticated. It would take them a long time to catch up with us.

What is the alternative? Suppose we resume tests only in the area of small weapons. Then we could be sure that it would not take the Russians very long to reach our present, very high-level technology in this field. But, it will be argued by Dr. Teller and his associates, in the meantime we also can make progress. Clearly, we could if we resumed nuclear tests. However, we have already gone far enough so that very little we can do in the future will be of great military significance.

While the Russians could gain considerably by the resumption of tests of small nuclear weapons, they also have enough such weapons to give them a sizable capability in case of a tactical nuclear war. Therefore, they do not have a desperate need for improving their weapons, and thus not enough incentive for testing to risk a violation. Yet, if nuclear tests were resumed legally, the Russians would probably make more rapid progress than we would.

It has been claimed that we still have a long way to go in nuclear weapons. There are two schools of thought on this: one essentially represented by the Livermore Laboratory, the other by the Los Alamos Laboratory. The Los Alamos Laboratory, our chief laboratory in the development of nuclear weapons, which has to its credit most of the weapons which have been developed up till now, is generally of the opinion that not much more can be obtained in the way of weapons improvement. They will admit, and I will admit, that there can always be some further improvement, but the question is, Is it worth while? Even if testing were allowed, would it be worth a great effort?

Let me repeat: If the Russians really want tactical nuclear weapons — that is, nuclear weapons of small yield — then the best thing for them to do would be to resume testing of such small weapons officially, exactly as was suggested in the original proposal by President Eisenhower on February 11.

The fact that they asked instead for a moratorium on small tests indicates to me that they do not put much weight on development of these weapons.

I believe that if tests were resumed, if the negotiations on test cessation were to break down, then the Russians would choose to test big weapons, hydrogen weapons, in the megaton class. I think that these are the weapons which are most dangerous to us; these are the weapons which the Soviets consider to be of the greatest military importance to them. I want to remind you of the situation in the fall of 1958. At that time the United States put in an extra test series, which is known as the Hardtack II series, carried out in Nevada. This test series consisted of a number of small nuclear explosions, from about twenty kilotons down to a fraction of a kiloton.

At the same time, the Russians tested the largest weapons they have ever tested, weapons of many megatons. They increased the yield from their weapons; they made them more efficient in the large-megaton class. They probably obtained in that test series the warhead for their big intercontinental ballistic missile. This is a tremendous weapon in their hands. If the Russians were to launch a determined attack on this country, perhaps a surprise attack, they would undoubtedly use these enormous weapons.

I believe that it was much to our disadvantage that the United States conducted the test series in the fall of 1958. It would have been in our power to declare in August of 1958 that we would stop testing from that moment on. If President Eisenhower had made this bold declaration, I do not believe that the Russians would have conducted their test series in September and October. They used our small test series as a very welcome excuse to conduct their own. The bold political decision to stop tests altogether would have been much more to our military advantage, since such a decision would have made it difficult for the Russians to resume testing and to test their big warheads. Had the Russians tested nevertheless, we would still have been free to conduct the small Hardtack II series. We got comparatively little from our small test series; they got a great deal, and very big weapons, out of theirs.

If we were now to resume testing, if we were to break off negotiations in Geneva, then we could not force the Russians to test only small weapons underground. While we might restrict our own testing in this manner, the Russians could test anything that they considered to be to their military advantage. Whether their tests would be in the multimegaton category, or whether they would try to decrease the weight for, let us say, a one-megaton weapon, I could not predict. But I strongly suspect that they would choose to test

large weapons rather than small ones, that they would choose to test strategic weapons, which they consider the most important, rather than the tactical weapons which have had such prominence in public discussions in the United States.

IF WE had stopped nuclear testing when the Russians first suggested doing so, at the beginning of 1956, we would presumably have had a very great superiority in hydrogen bombs. We had tested at least half a dozen; they had tested one type only. We might possibly have a situation in which the Russians would not now have a hydrogen warhead for their ICBM. The missile gap has been a great worry to our military during the past two years. Without a hydrogen warhead, the ICBM would be much less important, and our superior position in planes might have remained of much greater significance.

The politically bold decision to accept the Russian offer to stop nuclear testing in 1956, either before or after our own 1956 test series, would then have given us considerable military advantage. Sometimes insistence on 100 per cent security actually impairs our security, while the bold decision — though at the time it seems to involve some risk — will give us more security in the long run.

There can be no doubt that, since 1956, the Russians have gained in nuclear weapons, relative to us. It is my belief that this is quite natural: the country that is behind will catch up; the country that is ahead will not make so much progress in the future. Dr. Teller has pointed out that our nuclear weapons today are about a thousand times as efficient as they were in 1945. He states, "In comparison with the nuclear weapons of 1960, those of 1950 appear completely obsolete. If the development should continue, there is no doubt that in 1970 nuclear explosives can be produced compared to which our present weapons will appear similarly outdated." The first sentence is clearly true. But if we want to increase the efficiency of our nuclear weapons by another factor of about ten — not a thousand — from the presently achievable, we come to a point where the entire material in the weapon must undergo a nuclear reaction. Since there must be assembly mechanism, triggers, bomb cases, and the like, this is clearly impossible. Further nuclear weapons development will be limited by the laws of physics.

This being so, further testing by both sides would bring the Russian capability closer and closer to ours. If we stop nuclear testing now, we may reserve at least the little bit of military advantage in nuclear weapons that we still possess.

It is certainly late enough. So I come to the conclusion that, even from the purely military point of view, for our purely military strength compared with Russia's, we would gain by a test cessation agreement.

The political gain would be enormous. Basic to the accepted control system of a test ban are the control stations on the territory of the contracting parties. If the agreement becomes reality, the Russians will for the first time permit foreign international inspectors to go on their soil, to have the right to check up on their activities. This is the first time that the Russians have been willing to give up any part of their sovereignty. Of course, we are asked to give up the same part of our sovereignty too, but for the Russians, with their extreme desire for secrecy, it is a far more difficult thing to do, and it would be a real achievement of the negotiations.

The Russians have further admitted that there should be on-site inspections of suspicious events detected by the physical control stations. This is another major concession. So, in the test cessation agreement, we would get the first admission in principle of the rights of a foreign control organ on Russian soil, an admission which might be of the utmost importance for further disarmament agreements. It would be very dangerous indeed for us to jeopardize this achievement by not concluding the test cessation agreement.

The main importance of our negotiations on the test cessation agreement comes, I believe, not from this agreement itself, important as it is, but from further agreements which must follow. It has been recognized widely in the United States, and also in the Soviet Union, that the continued arms race makes no sense. The two countries are fully capable of destroying each other, in fact, of destroying each other several times over. This is an absurdity. Modern war simply does not make sense as an instrument of national policy. I believe that we should try to arrive at a situation of carefully controlled limitation of armaments. It is a difficult thing to achieve, and it will be a long road before we do.

However, if we want to stop the armaments race, then we have to make a start somewhere. It has to be made in a way consistent with United States policy, meaning that every limitation of armaments must be carefully controlled. We have to make a start in an area where it does not cost us too much, where we can back off again if the

first treaty doesn't work. With the test cessation agreement, this would be possible, because it covers a sufficiently restricted subject.

I have so far discussed this problem entirely in regard to the two powers, the United States and Russia. However, the effect on other powers is at least equally important. It is clear that other powers may also get nuclear weapons soon. In fact, if we wait long enough, they surely will do so. I do not know how long it will take for China to achieve this capability. I do not think it will be next year, but I will not be surprised if the Chinese develop nuclear weapons before another five years pass. It is to our interest to keep nuclear weapons out of China's possession. We have every interest in restricting the nuclear club to its present members, essentially three, with France a junior partner. If the three great nuclear powers continue nuclear testing, then there will be no pressure on the other countries to refrain from developing nuclear weapons. If, however, the three great powers give up nuclear testing, and give it up completely, then popular pressure, both from the great powers and from the small powers, will be very strong on the other countries to make them adhere to the treaty which the great powers have signed.

I cannot predict whether China will in fact adhere to a test cessation treaty. I think that both Russia and the United States would desire that China do so. But one thing seems to me certain: If we do not have a treaty on cessation of nuclear tests, then China will surely get nuclear weapons in a fairly short time. For this reason, it is imperative not only to have a treaty but to have it soon.

At this time we can still get something if we agree to stop nuclear testing. But we have a wasting asset here. Before long, I believe, public opinion in the world will force us to stop nuclear testing without our getting anything in exchange. At present we get in exchange recognition by Russia of stations on Russian soil and of the principle of controlled disarmament. We may further get in exchange the restriction of the nuclear club to three members.

Opponents of the test cessation agreement want to have a perfect agreement; they want to have an agreement in which we can be sure to detect each and every violation, no matter how small. I think that by insisting on perfection we shall end up with nothing.

THE LEGACY OF LEONTIS BY

HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

HARRY MARK PETRAKIS broke into print in the ATLANTIC with his first story, "Pericles on 34th Street," which won a Benjamin Franklin Magazine Citation and an Atlantic "First" Award for 1957. His novel, LION AT MY HEART, a view of Greek-American life published last year, was taken for television production on PLAYHOUSE 90.

LEONTIS MARNAS married Angeliki when he was fifty-eight years old. She was twenty-four. She had been in the United States only a little over two years. All that time she spent working from dawn to dark in the house of an older brother who had paid her passage from Greece. Her days were endured scrubbing floors and caring for his children. In addition, the unhappy girl did not get along with her brother's wife, who was a sullen and unfriendly woman.

Leontis was not aware at that time of how desperately Angeliki wished for liberation from her bondage. When he visited the house in the evening to play cards with her brother, she released upon him all the smoldering embers of her despair. He would have been ashamed to admit that he mistook her attention for affection and her desperation for passion. He was bewildered and yet wished ardently to believe that a young and comely woman could find him attractive. He could not help being flattered and soon imagined that he was madly in love.

In the twenty-eight years since Leontis emigrated from Greece to the United States, he had made a number of attempts to marry. Several times he almost reached the altar, but in the end these efforts were always unsuccessful. Even when he was a young man the bold girls had frightened

him, and the shy sweet girls to whom he was attracted lacked the aggressiveness to encourage him. He was without sufficient confidence to make the first move, and as a result always lost his chance.

Sometimes despair and restlessness drove him to women that he paid for affection. As he grew older, however, these visits became much more infrequent, and when he realized they burdened rather than satisfied him, he gave them up.

A year came when he was forced to concede to himself that he would never marry. This caused him a good deal of remorse and self-reproach, but secretly he was also relieved to be spared additional disappointment. His mother, of whom he often said, God rest her departed soul, had affirmed that keeping busy prevented melancholia. He became active in a Hellenic lodge and sponsored the education of several war orphans overseas. He rearranged all the stock in his grocery at least twice in each six months. On Sundays, the hardest day of the week for him to sustain, he rode the trolley from one end of the city to the other. He visited museums and spent many hours at the zoo. He was strangely drawn to the monkey house and quietly marveled at his apparent resemblance to one somber old male in a corner of a cage who seemed untouched by the climate of social amiability that prevailed all around him.

During the week, after closing the store in the evening, he sometimes played cards with fellow members of his lodge. In the beginning, this was his reason for visiting the house of Angeliki's brother. Afterwards, although it took a while to admit it to himself, he went only to see her.

Later, in remembering that time, Leontis often considered how ridiculous his conviction that Angeliki loved him must have appeared to her brother. Perhaps he saw their union as an answer to his concern for the future of his sister. But whatever his reasons, her brother gave his approval and completed the alchemy created by the loneliness of Leontis and Angeliki's wish for freedom.

In the early spring of that year, with the first buds breaking in slim green shoots upon the trees, Angeliki and Leontis were married. But it did not take long for the poor girl to realize she had merely substituted one form of despair for another. He could offer her every advantage but the one of youth to match her own. Leontis knew she must have considered him ancient and unattractive, but his presence in the rooms in which she bathed and slept must have created in her an awareness of her body, and perhaps excited her as well. She could see that he admired and adored her, and at the same time he could not blame her impatience with his fumbings.

She could not comprehend how difficult it was for him to value himself as participant in the act of love. He had too long lived vicariously on the perimeter of life. Yet he desired her fervently and made a valiant effort to play the role of lover. On a number of occasions he did manage to fulfill the functions expected of him. But Angeliki grew petulant and bitter at his inadequacies and began to ridicule his age and appearance. A day came when his own long-suffering patience wore thin, and they exchanged hot and furious words.

"You married me for my money!" he said, and he knew that was not true, but anger selects its own truth.

"No." She laughed bitterly. "I married you because you were young and handsome."

He felt the black bile of despair through his body, and he was tempted to strike her but understood helplessly that she could not deny herself the release of some of her frustration.

"I married you because you were handsome!" she shrieked. "A Greek god with a golden body!"

"Enough," he said, and suddenly his anger was gone and he was only weary. He saw in that moment the absurdity of his delusion and how much more he was to blame than she.

He fled down the stairs. In the store, Thomas Sarris, the young man who worked for him, was stacking cans of coffee. Leontis was ashamed and wondered if Thomas had heard them quarreling.

Upstairs, Angeliki slammed a door, a loud and angry slam. Thomas Sarris pretended he did not hear.

THE following spring, a son was born to them. Through the months of Angeliki's pregnancy, observing her body curving incredibly into the shape of a pear, Leontis felt sure the doctor had made a mistake. For a long time he had accepted that he would never have a wife. The prospect of becoming a father had been additionally remote. Not until the moment in the hospital shortly after Angeliki returned from the delivery room was he able to accept the conception as real. He was shocked at the sight of her pale cheeks and her dark moist hair, combed stiffly, in the way of hair on a corpse. Fifty-nine years on earth without awareness of the struggle of birth had not prepared him for the emotion. He could not speak. A great tenderness for his young wife possessed him. He touched her cheeks softly and struggled vainly to find words to explain that he understood the ordeal she had endured alone.

When they brought the baby to Angeliki to be nursed, he was rooted with reverence and wonder. He had seen babies before, not quite as small and wrinkled, but that this baby should be a part of his flesh, a blossom of his passion, filled him with a wild strength. As if in some strange and secretive way he had cultivated a garden beyond the reaches of his own death.

Back at home, Angeliki was a devoted mother and cared diligently for the baby. She was dismayed and fretful at the disorderly abundance of affection Leontis showered upon the child. But he could not help himself. He worked in the store, and whether or not he was alone, a moment came when he was filled with an overwhelming longing to see his son. He would run up the stairs and burst through the kitchen into the room where the baby played. Angeliki would follow him, nagging fiercely, but he paid her no attention. He would bend over the baby and marvel at how beautiful he was. He would kiss the top of his soft head and kiss each of his tiny warm feet. The bell in the store rang endlessly.

Angeliki drove him finally from the room.

"You are mad! I will have you put away. You think of nothing but that baby. Your store, your wife — nothing matters. We will end up in the street!"

He kept a few feet ahead of her, and puffing heavily, he hurried down the stairs.

A few weeks before the baby's first birthday they baptized him in the Greek Orthodox Church on Laramie Street. Leontis planned a gigantic party. He had several whole lambs roasted, and fifty gal-

lons of wine, and forty trays of honey-nut sweets. He rented the large Masonic hall and invited almost all of the congregation of the church to attend. It was a wild and festive night, and everyone appeared to marvel at the way Leontis danced. Angeliki at last caught him in a corner.

"What an old fool! You will drop dead in the air. Everyone is laughing at you. They think you are crazy."

But full of wine and lamb and gratitude, Leontis just smiled. He danced and sang for love of his son, and he did not care what others thought.

Now, in that month of his son's baptism, sleeplessness, which had troubled Leontis for years, grew worse. He lay wakeful and still beside Angeliki and stared into the dark, and sweats came, and chills, and strange forebodings rode his restless dreams. He went secretly to his friend Doctor Spiliotis. The old physician examined him silently and spoke without sugar off his square tongue.

"Have you made out a will? If not, go home and attend to it."

"I have a will made," Leontis said. "Thank you, old friend, for the advice."

"No thanks to me," the doctor said brusquely. "Thank that heart of yours, which has endured all the abuse you could heap upon it. Many men have weak hearts. They live long lives by taking care. You seem determined to leave as quickly as possible."

"I have lived a long time," Leontis said. "Looking back, it seems to me there is nothing but time."

The doctor looked down and stabbed fiercely with his hand through the air.

"I only treat physical ailments," he said. "They have specialists now for sickness of the mind. For aberrations of old men who marry strong young girls."

"You should have been a diplomat, old friend," Leontis said.

"Understand me, Leontis," the doctor said. "The time is past for jokes. Unless you go to bed at once and move very little for six months or a year, I do not think you have long to live."

In that moment, Leontis understood the tangled emotion a man feels who hears sentence of his death. At the same time, it seemed his decision was clear.

"Who will attend the store?" Leontis asked. "Who will walk my son in the park in the afternoons? Who will sit with my family in church on Sunday mornings?" He paused for breath. "And if I go to bed, can this ensure I will live a long time?"

"We can be sure of nothing on this earth," the doctor said.

"Then I will wait in the way I wish," Leontis said.

"Get out," the doctor said, but the affection of their long friendship softened his words. "I will send you a wreath, a big one, fit for a horse. It will be inscribed 'Athenian Fool.'"

"Save your wreath for someone less fortunate," Leontis said. "I have lived long enough, and I have a son who will carry on my name."

With the knowledge of his impending death, a strange calm descended upon Leontis. Recalling his sixty-odd years, as dispassionately as he could, did not permit him any reason for garish grief. He knew that, except for his son, there was nothing in his life worthy of exultation or outrage.

He was certain of Angeliki as a devoted mother who would love and attend the child. To provide them with economic security in addition to the store, he had been purchasing bonds in considerable quantity for years. Therefore, only the possibility of Angeliki's remarriage to a man who might mistreat the child caused him anxiety.

He began studying carefully the clerk in his store, Thomas Sarris. A young man of strong build and pleasant manner. On a number of occasions, Leontis had noticed him discreetly admiring Angeliki when she entered the store. For an instant, the thought of Thomas Sarris or any man replacing him as father to his son brought a terrible pang to his body, but reason calmed him. Thomas was not wild, as were many of the young men. He did not wish to be more than a good grocer, but he worked hard and would care for his own. He would know how to sweeten a girl like Angeliki and remove the memory of her bitterness in marriage to an old man.

He spoke cautiously to Thomas one afternoon.

"How old are you, Thomas?"

"Twenty-eight," Thomas said.

"Twenty-eight," Leontis repeated, and kept busy bagging loaves of fresh bread so that Thomas would not notice his agitation. "How is it you are not married yet? Many young men are in a great hurry to marry these days."

Thomas easily swung a heavy sack of potatoes from the floor to the counter.

"I have not found the right girl."

"Are you looking?" Leontis asked.

"I will be ready when I find her," Thomas said. "But I am intent on getting myself established first. Get a store of my own."

Leontis felt his pulse beat more quickly.

"Do you like this store?" he asked in what he felt was a casual voice.

Thomas shook his head enthusiastically.

"A wonderful store," he said. "A fine business."

I would give anything to have one like it someday."

Leontis turned away so that Thomas would not see the sly and pleased smile that he was sure showed on his face.

From that day he brought the baby and Angeliki and Thomas together. He invited the young man to dinner and afterwards encouraged him to play with the baby. He was gratified when Thomas was gentle and tolerant with the child. And the presence of the young man seemed to act as a balm upon Angeliki. She spoke more softly and laughed easily, and there was a strange sparkle in her eyes. Sometimes, in the course of those evenings, it seemed to Leontis that Angeliki and Thomas and the baby were the family and he the intruder. Awareness of this jolted him, and forgetting for an instant that this was his design, he would flee with the child to another room. He would sit in the dark, holding the child tightly in his arms, and with the bitter knowledge of their separation roweling his flesh, he sometimes cried, softly, so that Angeliki and Thomas would not hear.

SUMMER passed and autumn swept brown crisp leaves along the streets beside the torn scraps of newspaper. In the morning, opening the store, Leontis felt the strange turning of the earth and endured the vision of the sun growing paler each day.

He knew that it was too late, but he suddenly took great care not to exert himself and called to Thomas to move even the smallest box. More and more often, he left the younger man alone in the store and spent most of the day upstairs with Angeliki and the baby. In the beginning she reproached him for neglecting the store, but after a while she seemed to sense his weariness and left him alone. He sat and watched her work about the rooms and listened to the baby make soft squealing sounds at play. Sometimes Angeliki brought him the baby to hold, and they would sit together by the window, looking out upon the winter street.

One afternoon when it rained and the dark heavy sky filled him with unrest, he spoke to her for the first time of what was in his mind.

"Angeliki," he said. "If I died, what would you do?"

She looked up and paused in sewing a button on the sweater of the baby.

"What is the matter with you?" she answered sharply. "What makes you talk of dying?"

"I am getting older," he said. "It should be considered."

"I will not listen to nonsense," she said.

"Would you marry again?" he asked. "I would want you to marry again."

She did not answer, but bent again over her sewing.

"Thomas is a fine young man," he said. "He works hard in the store. He is gentle with the baby. He would make a fine father and husband."

Angeliki snapped down her sewing.

"What nonsense is this?" she said impatiently. "I have better things to do than sit here and listen to you talk nonsense." She rose to leave the room, but a slight flush had entered her cheeks at mention of the young man.

There was a night he woke with a strange pain in his chest. He looked fearfully at the clock on the stand beside the bed, as if in some senseless way he hoped to arrest time. He was about to cry out, but the pain eased almost as quickly as it had come.

Later the baby cried in his sleep, a thin wail that echoed in the silent room. Angeliki got up and brought the child to their bed and placed him between them. In another moment, her breathing eased evenly again into sleep.

Leontis turned on his side and comforted the child and fell asleep with the warmth of the child within his arms. A noise within his body woke him. His eyes opened as if his eyelids were curtains on all of life. He cried out in despair.

Angeliki sat up in bed beside the baby.

"Leontis, what is the matter?"

He was bathed in a terrible sweat, and his heart seemed to be fluttering wings like a trapped bird to escape from the cage of his body.

"Leontis!" she cried. "Leontis!"

He knew he was dying. Not fear or anxiety, as he had known many times in the past months, but knowledge, swift and real as if scared in flame across his flesh.

"Leontis!" she cried. "You must not die before you forgive me!"

He touched the baby's face. He felt his nose, small and warm, and his eyes, and the soft strands of his hair.

"Forgive me!" she shrieked. "Forgive me!"

Her hands were on his face and then they were lost within the crest of a mighty wave that tossed his body. He tried to hug the boy with all of his soul, and the last great swell exploded from his eyes.

THE MAGIC TOOT



REFLECTIONS OF A CASUAL FLAUTIST BY NEWTON F. TOLMAN

NEWTON F. TOLMAN, a New England Yankee, is now operating a tree farm in New Hampshire and enjoying the perquisites of a bucolic life, which include fishing in the spring, hunting in the fall, tooting on his flute in the winter, and writing whenever the spirit moves him.

WATCHING the televised Boston Symphony one day last winter, I was startled when the camera swung toward the musician trilling out an intricate cadenza for first flute. The close-up showed a very pretty woman. When I was young and still spending two hours a day attempting to conquer the hemidemisemiquavers, a female wind-instrument player was rarer than a female plumber. Ladies took up strings or piano.

Though I am no virtuoso, there was a day when I had a youthful dream of earning a living with my flute. Looking back, I am glad that this was at the time that the saxophone craze, aided by the Six Brown Brothers, was sweeping the country. Wherever I went, there was always a blaring sax to drown me out. But I was just stubborn enough to cling to the flute as a hobby. And all through life it has proved a handy way of getting rid of unwanted callers. It also provides an emotional outlet, and one never knows when an emotional outlet may be needed in my house.

A century ago, musical instruments began to increase everywhere, led by the eternal duo of violin and piano. But for a long time the flute lost ground; it seemed to be following its cousins, the flageolet and chalumeau, into gradual extinction. Only in very recent years, with the up-rising of all minorities — and the aid of micro-

phones — have flute players begun to be heard again.

While there has never been much love lost between violinists and flautists, my own reaction to fiddles was aggravated by years of unavoidable exposure to square-dance musicians. Firmly lodged in my memory is the comment of one of the early Bachs in a letter I came across while poking around for flute lore in Vienna. It was written when woodwinds, particularly flutes, were still supreme. Here is a loose translation: "Violinists, besides obtaining the clear, true tone of which they are reasonably capable, are constantly given to vibrato, tremolo, swelling, diminuendo, quavering, shaking, quivering, sobbing, wailing, plucking, clucking, plinking, twanging, groaning, moaning, and squeaking, whilst flautists follow the score in a dignified manner, blowing either loud or soft as called upon, and leaving further intricacy of tone to its proper province, that of the vocalists."

Unfortunately, as time went on the balance of power shifted. It got so bad that most composers would toss off only a few trifling notes here and there for the gaunt and hungry flute players. Some composers came right out and showed their true colors. "The only thing worse than a flute is two flutes," said Cherubini.

This trend accounted for the endless lines of rests that I sat through in my orchestra days — page after page of the degrading little things, while everybody else was blowing and scraping and pounding away like mad. It is noteworthy that this kind of music is always written by second-raters. Great composers always give the flute its due, as witness Bach and Mozart, Stravinsky and Bartók.

It was in Beethoven's day that large orchestras, ancestors of today's symphonies, first began to assemble. The strings got in on the ground floor somehow, in spite of Sidney Lanier's prediction that flutes would gain in popularity until they would outnumber strings in all orchestras. Soon flutes were snowed under, twenty to one, by violins alone. Ever afterward, the poor flute player was always crouched somewhere in the background, nursing his small piece of plumbing and his neurosis. He could play or not; nobody ever knew the difference.

Without the mike, the soft and fluid lowest octave of a flute is no match for louder instruments, even in a quartet or quintet. The middle octave can hold out against a slightly larger group, but this takes an aggressive nature and the lungs of a pearl diver. Orchestrations traditionally confine the flute player pretty much to his highest octave, where he is about as happy as a pianist with the lower two thirds of the keyboard out of action.

He is further bedeviled by eyestrain, trying to read up to "six lines above," and cramps from the hopeless fingering combinations of the top scale. This upper-register fingering, eliminated on other woodwinds by merely pressing an octave key, breaks the hearts of most serious flute students early in the game. They turn to clarinet, sax, or horns; almost anything seems easier.

As a youngster of nine, I began an all-out attack on *Wind Amongst the Trees*. This ornate melody was obscured by triple tonguing, runs, octave jumps, and arpeggios, finally ending with an anguished shriek on high C. After seven or eight years, I had the first movement somewhat whipped. Then I quit and turned to an easier masterpiece, the piccolo obbligato in *The Stars and Stripes Forever*.

This repertoire did not take me as far as a Petrillo man. But it led to some insight into the general character of flute players. As Frederick the Great remarked severely when a careless courtier said, "Out of twenty-nine flute players here in town, only twenty-eight are eccentric enough to be noticeable": "*Ich bin ein flöte-spieler!*"

Flute players are perhaps not more peculiar than their instruments. Tones do not come out of the end, as with any respectable woodwind or horn, but right from the lips. And the flautist's

ears are only five inches from his mouth, where the sound emanates. It may be that the internal reverberation affects the mind. Anyway, once he has got well into habitual playing, the flautist begins a gradual retreat into his mysterious, solitary world. After a few years, he seldom emerges entirely. He does not even care much when nobody is listening to him. But if deprived of his instrument for long, his sinuses fairly scream for their accustomed doses of vibration.

Mention the instrument casually, and someone is likely to pipe up, "How about George Washington — didn't he play the flute?" True. He didn't indulge very deeply, but it shows that, like all great men, he had at least one psychotic habit. Even my own modest research proves that flute playing is apt to denote genius. Watching the ranks of politicians, we find that ukeleles and pianos mean little. What we need is another President who plays the flute.

THE pipes of Pan were nothing but a simple double-barreled flute. Pan had goat legs and horns on his human head. So we may assume that, like all flautists, he was considered somewhat odd, even among his mythological confreres. But the effect of his music was scientifically logical. The low notes of a flute are as soothing and enticing as the high notes are blood-curdling. And the precisely engineered silver tubes that we play today are perfectly capable of producing the same results attributed to Pan's instrument.

In younger days, I tried an experiment along these lines, after some research on Pan's mode of operation — moonlit nights, black he-goats, nymphs, and so on. It worked. One night I caught an enormous contralto. I managed to get away from her, but I gave up pastoral fluting on moonlit nights. It is too risky.

The recorder craze gives rise to a popular misconception. It is time to set the recorder straight: it is *not* an early, simplified form of our present-day flute. These gurgling, cooing wooden spouts are rather ancestors of clarinets and oboes. Take a recorder out on a moonlit night, and if you attract anything, it will be an elderly spinster with a passion for morris dancing.

It is true that, before 1700, the recorder was often included in the general family of *flûte-à-bec*, *blockflöte*, fipple flute, and heaven knows how many kinds of flute. However, when the transverse flute, our present type, was adapted to modern pitch with chromatics, the recorder was as good as dead. Dead, that is, until recent tone-deaf dilettantes began exhuming every old contraption they could find, from virginals to ser-

pents. Dickens was probably thinking of the recorder when he had Dick Swiveller call flute playing a "good, sound, dismal occupation."

Around 1915, prima donna Galli-Curci drew attention to the flute with her famous soprano and flute duet. Unfortunately, it did little for the musical standing of flautists. Every music-loving home had the recording; it was the talk of the day. The celebrated coloratura's warblings were said to be such a perfect imitation of the accompanying flute you couldn't tell one from the other. It never seemed to occur to anyone that the flute player was imitating Galli-Curci — a feat no less impressive because she often sang a little flat.

Many of us remember the diva as clearly as if she had sung only last week. But who remembers the name of the remarkable flautist who could duplicate her voice? This is the kind of thing flautists have always been up against, and it is why we are so moody.

Some reason can be found to explain why the orchestra flute player was treated for so long like Wayne Morse in the Senate. A flautist can also play a piccolo, just as a violinist can double on viola. And the piccolo is a real menace. A fountain-pen-sized flute, it has all the volume its big brother lacks. Turn a couple of piccolos loose in a symphony orchestra, and the whole string section might as well pack up and go home.

Aware of this, composers and conductors have long toadied to the string-dominated majority, telling the public some guff or other about tonal groupings — a mere smoke screen hiding the flautist's basic urge to be heard. How did so many wailing violins, cellos, and bass fiddles get into the symphonies in the first place? And why is first violin always chosen concertmaster? Pure jealousy is the answer.

There may be those who hesitate to accept the unsupported word of a humble flute player; luckily, there is at hand the *Music Lovers' Encyclopedia* (Rupert Hughes and Deems Taylor, Doubleday). This work includes a "Dictionary of Musicians," seven to eight thousand names — violinists, singers, pianists in droves. Every fiddler who ever drew bow, except perhaps Jack Benny. But I can't find a single one of several top-rank contemporary flute men. Important violin makers have all been listed, back to Amati, Stradivarius, and Guarnerius. And there is Sax, inventor of you know what. But Boehm, the originator of the modern flute, is dismissed with a couple of lines. The authors do better by a forgotten character who, around 1690, devised an instrument called a rackettenfagott. Just wait until the recorder tootlers discover the rackettenfagott!

So much for research, having proved our point: the flute player always gets the short end of the fagot.

So-called brass bands have also flouted the flautist. Bandsmen love noise, and they can never be sure when a flute player will take to his piccolo. One tiny piccolo can shrill out above a hundred-piece band. This infuriates the rest, chuffing and puffing into such heavy equipment as trombones and tubas. So, ignoring an audience which always loves to hear it, the piccolo is allowed only a few mean little trills and peeps, with an obbligato only when all hands are blasting away fortissimo. In the flute chair, you know what it is really like to feel alone.

Flute prestige hit bottom early in the twentieth century. Professional flautists, found only in the largest orchestras, were thin, furtive-looking chaps who went around with their instrument cases held under their coats like concealed weapons. Defensively cynical, to a man, they all played with a repressed technique, shunning all tonal diversity — a technique we still hear too often.

This was known as the classical approach: thin, clear tone without color or expression. My teacher was fanatical about it. He was no less abnormal than most flautists. He spent his last twenty-five years whistling away like an old B&M locomotive, all to himself, locked in his bedroom.

For years I accepted the classical style without question. Then, some twenty years ago, I heard a flute featured in Cab Calloway's band. The performer thawed all the ice with which his instrument had been encrusted in the hands of symphony flautists. He played like a Heifetz, though the vehicle was jazz. And I declared a personal war on the traditions of flute playing.

I am still some way from Carnegie Hall, but now when I romp into Mozart's Concerto in G Major, people do not start climbing out the windows. And far greater flautists, here and there, are starting to swell their lungs with free air and deliver. There is Hubert Barwahser, with the Vienna Symphony; listen to his recordings if you wish to hear a flute really sing.

But perhaps no flautist can ever gain the following of a Menuhin or a Rubinstein or a Casals. We who whistle are a strange lot, as I have intimated. But strange or not, when I sit down with my flute all the small children in the neighborhood gather around. They are my public. Television forgotten, they give me an attention that more skilled performers, with any other instrument, could never hold. The Pied Piper may be a legend, but it did not come out of thin air.

THE YOUNG POETS

At no time in our past has the ATLANTIC received as many poems as are now submitted to us. They are evidence of an interest in poetry which never slackens. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, we set aside a number of pages in our February and August issues to be devoted to the work of young poets.

A NEW FAIRY TALE ABOUT A VERY OLD WITCH

BY SHEILA FLUME TAYLOR

Inward, ever more inward, said the Princess,
Bends my furious laughter,
For in me is a serious woman
Who cannot be happy ever after,
Whom no one can love.
I am my own mother, my own child,
Cried the Princess, and her grief rose wild.

Ancient believer, survivor, said the Princess,
Oh crone, my bony Evermore, my core,
Out of swollen yellow dangers you have swum
Silent as a rat, your black rags wet with scum.

Under my twinkling diadem, said the Princess,
I lower my eyes — not from modesty, not from innocence.
No one must see too soon what shafts can be;
I know my heart, this witch that beats in me.
Wait till I dry my eyes, I am one with you, crone, I come.

As time has wrinkled you, so have you wrinkled time,
Changing the courses of rivers, the faces of my people.
My kingdom rings about me as it does
Because of what stings in me, said the Princess,
And out of this demon jewel must grow
All I would know of love.

LOVE NOTE

BY JOSEPH SIEBEL

Let us hire a hundred planes,
Stuff them with hot cotton smoke,
And write white poetry on the paper of the sky.
Let the ant people on the hot summer beaches look up squinting,
Read feathery descriptions of your lips,
Traced by the sky writers.

We'll pick a calm noontime,
Sun pressing wrinkles out of the steamy sea,
Sky flat, receptive.
"Love," I'll write, and "Mouth," and silver words.
"Cling," I'll write, and "Stars," and oh, don't worry,
The words will all come easily enough.
It's the idea that matters.

Then I'll fly up in the highest plane
And jump and parachute right through
The *O* in the word "love,"
And land in your back yard,
And kiss you till your ears fall off.

DISSIPATION

BY NORMAN ANDREW KIRK

Born in the middle of it all,
Thrashing the red arms and wailing
Like so many before,
By stories she grew in beauty
And was admired by all for the way she celed
Along the wooded or concrete walks,
Until her first spring of desire sprang
From its nest and was answered
By male whispers and tepid flight.
And tepid flight to tepid flight
Her beauty grew wilder, easier to understand
And to conquer, or be conquered,
By the long lines of conquerors
On the sidewalks of Seattle.
Fertilized and refertilized there blossomed

There a particular type of pulchritude,
Easy to understand, naked and unashamed,
An ocean of desire with many names,
Many legends, many tales, piled and repiled,
Unanswerable, ununderstandable, unreal,
Yet so real and too real and too understandable
In times when legions of men were directed
On unemotional maps to horrid death —
The conquerors conquering and being conquered
On first nights, last nights, first times,
Last times, by the beautiful naked savage
On the bed of time and ending, the general ending,
The great climax of it all. And still
The laugh in corridors, the talk over back fences
By lazy wives worrying about possession
Of something freely given, freely experienced,
And needed on the eve of death. The final dying
Place with the single bulb, the smell of sweat,
The fear of overuse and no feeling in that
Final dying place before the crossing
And the foxholed night when one thousand
Men died with the face of the whore
Smiling, answering all demands, with her
Particular type of honesty, her face in the last
Night and that final death-rattle dream of a
Thousand men who will return to Seattle and
The second floor to claim her forever, for their
Own, untouchable conquest — as undemanding
As that one night,
As honest as that one night.

THE CLOCK OUTRAN THE MOUSE

BY NORMAN ANDREW KIRK

My gosh but time does fly without wings
And eats whole mountains of human flesh
In a singular chomp. And the world's
Too well oiled to hear time squeak.
How foolish to wing time, to chomp it,
To squeak it, just because just because.

HOUSE

BY F. D. DE CASTRO

I want you to know how my house
was built.

Nothing had I to do with either
cost or height:
Nowhere, I was first everywhere —
a gleam in the pulp
Of night, a bubble in the gills
of the river fish:

Nothing definite, yet infinitely
more than accident;
For now inside my house, myself
in every stone,
Elusive there someone surrounds
me like a song:

O is it Mia, Jof, or Jesu?
Who knows? Who knows?

When I consult the trees to ask
them how to breathe,

How to be water flowing, or how
to worship in sleep,
I come home, and waiting there
to separate my fears
Is someone in my house who names
each torment at my feet:

O is it Mia, Jof, or Jesu?
Who knows? Who knows?

I want you to know the stranger
in my house.

When sound from the well of night,
like a dog's familiar bark,
Shakes my door, the call slips in
quietly as a mouse;
And although nothing moves in air
or empty dark,

Though earth and sky disqualify
all my walls,
I know inside my clock hiding there,
building a spark —
Someone who comes and stays, someone
who waits and goes:

O is it Mia, Jof, or Jesu?
Who knows? Who knows?

And when awake to the sun I go
and ask for faith,

All things, their faces bared, with
slender hands speak to me;
But how may knowledge be reconciled
with stranger in my house:
Someone who builds a church from all
the properties of light?

O is it Mia, Jof, or Jesu?
Who knows? Who knows?



The Gandhi Way

by Kingsley Martin

KINGSLEY MARTIN became editor of the NEW STATESMAN in 1931, and in the intervening years he has made his paper the most penetrating, caustic, and widely read weekly of critical content in Britain. He travels extensively, especially in the East; he has been five times to India in recent years; and, as this paper shows, he has come to a close understanding with Vinoba Bhave.

VINOBA BHAVE, Gandhi's most faithful disciple, has walked some 35,000 miles in the last nine years. He is a frail-looking man of about sixty with a white beard — and long legs, as many people have ruefully commented as they followed him from village to village, sometimes in the intolerable heat of the Indian plains or blinding rain of the monsoons. He walks not to gain publicity, or even to prove that you can keep remarkably fit on a diet of milk curds. He walks for the same reason that Jesus Christ did. He goes with his disciples from village to village, teaching as he goes, his party enlarged by new followers on each day's walking. One of his admirers quotes him as saying: "We need machines of high speed. But our legs, too, are not without some value. In the old days, our ancestors used to carry Ganges water to distant parts of the country. This tradition brought people together, and the whole country experienced a sense of unity. But what is the picture today? Hundreds gather at the booking offices without knowing the people in front of or behind them. Nobody has the leisure to take an interest in anyone else. But a journey on foot will help me to get to know the country and to identify myself with the poorest in the land, who cannot afford to use any other means of transport. That is why I have decided to travel by foot."

What is it Bhave has to teach? To understand his message, it is not enough to have visited India

Photograph courtesy of Wide World Photos.

or even to have driven through half a dozen of the half million Indian villages. Bhave is at one with all serious students of rural India in seeing that, to overcome its shocking poverty, the traditional structure of the Indian village must be changed. The problem of Indian poverty cannot be overcome by the most generous gifts, welcome though they are, nor even by large sums spent on industrial development, essential though that is. The village is designed for a self-sufficient life at an extremely low level. A village may be hundreds of miles from the nearest town, and connecting it to the next village there may be no more than a track that a bullock cart can travel on at two miles an hour in dry weather and which nothing at all can use in a flood. The present Indian government, aided by air transport and gifts from America, can provide against actual famine. But if the ribs are not to stick through the flesh of the peasants, the village, increasingly overpopulated as science conquers disease and postpones death, must discover the way of doubling or trebling what it wins from the maltreated earth.

Caste belongs to a self-sufficient past. It rigidly divides the Brahmin from the fighting man, the trader, and the laborer; it condemns some sixty million outcasts to the most menial tasks and the most abject poverty. All this is held together by Hinduism, which is as much a social system as a religion. Its basic effect is to enable the man who

is hungry and without rights, the man who has no land and no hope in this world, to accept the cruelty of his superiors with the same fatalism that he displays toward flood or drought or disease. His next incarnation will adjust the balance, if he honors the gods and learns resignation.

Gandhi's influence lay in understanding the villager. A revolutionary nationalist, he fought to turn the British out of India without violence. But in economics he was a conservative, in religion a reformist. He stood in relation to orthodox Hinduism much as Christ stood in relation to orthodox Judaism, and his death at the hands of a fanatical Hindu who hated his tolerance toward Muslims corresponds very closely in the Indian mind with the Crucifixion. Above all, Gandhi fought against caste. He regarded the traditional Hindu's refusal to share in all matters of food, drink, marriage, and social intercourse with the Muslim as the worst example of caste intolerance. It was for his tolerance toward Muslims that he was killed. Similarly, he struggled always for the emancipation of the untouchables, whom he called *Harijans*, or "the children of God." If the nationalist struggle had not so absorbed his energies, he would, no doubt, have added to his many tentative experiments with village cooperation. As it was, he died, leaving this part of his work to Vinoba Bhave.

HALLAM TENNYSON, who walked for many months with Vinoba Bhave, has vividly described a village meeting at which Bhave preached his gospel of love and called upon those with land to give up some of it, often one sixth, to the landless and impoverished. His early meetings were often like those of a revivalist preacher. The consciences of the well to do were moved; no doubt the emotional pressure of the packed village audience, stirred by Bhave, played its part in persuading them to generosity. In this way, millions of acres were voluntarily surrendered and divided among the landless. The limitations of this form of revolution were, however, quickly obvious. Sometimes a landlord changed his mind. Often the plots of land given to the poor provided them with no kind of living; they promptly fell into debt to the village moneylender and again lost their land. As happens with conversions, changes of heart too often prove temporary.

The next stage in Bhave's progress was spectacular. He persuaded villages to pool their entire land, so that when he went to the next village, he had, nominally at least, succeeded in creating a new commune in which there would be no rich or poor; all would share equally. Some five thou-

sand villages responded to his appeal, not with *bhoo dan*, gifts of land, but with *gram dan*, the gift of the whole village.

I visited one such gramdan village in Rajasthan, where the present minister of community development, the energetic S. K. Dey, has initiated a revolutionary experiment and has given powers of election and taxation to the villagers; if they use their powers, they can transform the land and social system with official agreement, but without too much guidance from Delhi. The villagers sat around me and talked of how they might acquire another well, of how they might be able to borrow money from the cooperative bank to tide over the ravages to their crops caused by a disastrous hailstorm, of how possibly they might grow a crop which they could sell and thereby be able to buy some of the goods usually thought necessary for existence. They lived in an arid waste with no amenities of any kind. They had dedicated their village to Jaya Prakash Narayan. Jaya Prakash was once regarded as a likely successor to Nehru; he is a socialist who, disillusioned with politics, joined Vinoba Bhave and somewhat rashly swore to dedicate the rest of his life to Bhave's movement.

At this stage, the many villages which accepted gramdan seemed, temporarily at any rate, to give Vinoba's movement a new political importance. It could no longer be waved aside merely as a conversion of some of the better-off peasants to Gandhi's principles. The government itself had set about the experiment of organizing communes, each composed of a group of a hundred villages, but it was only too obvious that officials from Delhi could not carry out this transformation and that there was quite inadequate response in the villages. The Communists had also tried, and had been successful in creating village cooperatives in Telingana. They had managed forcibly to drive out the landlords and had actually made transfers of land, which Delhi had to accept as final. Vinoba Bhave visited this area and tried to persuade the Communists to give up violence and to help him to find "a peaceful way out of our problems." Like the Communists, he was prepared to accept legislation to put the seal and add permanency to the revolution he was trying to carry out, but unlike them, Hallam Tennyson quotes him as saying, he would not "begin with loot and murder, but with pity and kindness. When every heart feels that the present order is unjust, when pity is created and there is a proper understanding of the situation, then the right sort of legislation can come." To this the Communists replied: "But how can you believe it possible that the landlords will voluntarily liquidate themselves? No class has ever committed suicide, and none ever will. It is against the law of psychology."

"Perhaps I do not know much about psychology," Vinoba replied. "But I have faith in the human heart."

As the gramdan movement spread, it seemed possible that India was the exception. Perhaps, after all, some progress might be made without force and by changing the human heart. The Communist Prime Minister of Kerala at least treated the Bhave movement with marked respect. He did not imagine that Bhave was carrying out a peaceful Communist revolution, but he did see in it a powerful movement that he had to treat as a step forward, not as another betrayal of the workers.

MOST of this was in my mind when I went to see Bhave this spring. An Indian friend came with me. She made notes of his replies to my questions. We found him at a village only about two hundred miles from Delhi. Like Gandhi, Bhave is a clever man. He has written competent books on Hindu philosophy and its social implications; he is a remarkable linguist and an intellectual as well as a *sadhu*.

A large crowd had collected around the school-house which he had made his headquarters, and a dozen or so disciples were squatting on the floor near him. A tape recorder was on the table, and he was talking quietly and authoritatively to individual journalists, politicians, and villagers who came to listen to his wisdom. When my turn came, he put his arm around my shoulders and drew me down by his side. He had sent a message asking me to write down my questions. He pleads deafness as the reason and explains the deafness as the result of a blow with a stick delivered by a priest when Bhave tried to help untouchables to enter a Hindu temple. In any case, he prefers carefully formulated questions; he answers them quickly and firmly in the manner of a teacher, not so much expecting argument as expounding a philosophy which you are to think about afterward.

I asked him first whether he felt that gramdan villages were significant contributions to India's economic problem and to what extent this was merely a symbolic or moral movement. He answered that it was both, provided that it had momentum. It would change the economic pattern of India if it got going; otherwise, it would remain merely symbolic. Today, it seemed no longer to be making much progress. It lacked workers, and he was concentrating on educating and training a body of them. In point of fact, he was making an admission which I was very sorry he had to make — that his movement is no longer making headway.

I asked whether the vast change which we both

thought necessary in the structure of village life could be voluntarily carried out. He replied that "You can't have an air-conditioned village," you had to have "a two-pronged attack" to create gramdan villages and to foster the climate for them everywhere. As to state planning, he said, "There is nothing in the world that is purely voluntary. An element of compulsion is always involved." But the compulsion is social. "The climate of Asia, not only India, is compelling us to decentralize our economy. Unless we have industries in the villages in addition to the meager resources of the fields, our villages will never prosper." I asked him whether caste was an obstacle. He made the depressing reply, which I have heard confirmed elsewhere, that the popular vote, far from destroying caste, has actually strengthened its hold. "A new emphasis is given to caste by the electoral system." In short, the system that is supposed to end caste because it gives everyone equal rights may, in fact, stabilize the least equal of all systems; men may vote for their caste choice and not for any policy or program. It is as if all Catholics plumped for Catholics and all Protestants for Protestants, irrespective of whether they were Democrats, Republicans, or neither.

I asked him about the future of the villages where his teaching had been accepted. Did "cooperation" rule out all private holdings in land, or did it mean that the joint produce of the village should be divided between the landed and the landless, or was it just a matter of joint marketing? His answer was revealing. "I am not," he said, "dogmatic about the economic planning of a gramdan village. Just as air and water are free for everyone, so land should be free. No one should own the land. If that is admitted, you can have any pattern which the villagers choose. It is for them to decide." It is, I think, because he has been content with this general acceptance of his doctrine and not had with him a team of experienced organizers who could work out the right system for each type of village and stay behind long enough to see it through that so many gramdan villages have relapsed from grace.

He rejected the extreme view that India can do without mechanical power. "But," he said, "we have a bullock economy. People here do not eat beef, and bullocks have to be given special protection. That means we have to use them rather than tractors to reclaim our land. No part of India, to my mind, is suitable for tractor cultivation."

He side-stepped the population problem. Population, he said, was a world problem to be thought of in world terms. He was "not in love with family planning" and thought that the solution lay in utilizing empty spaces everywhere — in

Australia, for instance. No doubt I ought to have argued about the problems of shipping or accommodating millions of people to a desert area, about the feelings of Australians and theories of Malthus. But I refrained. I preferred to get him to explain whether he thought that cooperation was a sufficient motive for social progress. Had not competition a vital part to play? He replied: "There cannot be two laws, one for the family, one for society. In a family, competition does not work. Why should the same law not work for the village? Why must we have two laws because we have entered the age of science? Progress is retarded by competition. Even in a competitive society, the state has to protect and feed the weak. Why should we call on the state to do this and not found the whole village community on love, just as we do the family? There is nothing impracticable in a cooperative community. The weak and lazy have to be educated and induced to work, just as in the family. Competition creates frustration, love gives hope." He said that no competitive society was actually cruel enough to allow the weakest to go to the wall. "The necessity of love is admitted in any case." His job, he said, was to persuade people to give it full scope.

In the evening the village collected to hear him. There must have been two or three thousand men, women, and children squatting on the ground when he arrived. He began to speak in Hindi. I noticed that one or two people near me, especially a Sikh who was in charge of the microphone, looked puzzled. The Sikh borrowed my pencil, wrote a note, and passed it up to him. He waved it aside. I read the note, which ran: "These people have come to hear your views about the economic changes you advocate and how you would carry them out." In fact, he told them nothing of the kind. He said that he was conscious that the village was not in a receptive mood. They were restless and undisciplined; they were not ready to receive his gospel. So he would not address them,

but merely lead them in prayer. He did so, and the meeting broke up quietly, but the people were disappointed and, I thought, rather resentful.

Afterward, people expressed surprise to me. The village was respectful, wasn't it? Of course, there is always some restiveness where there are children. What did he expect? Perhaps the clue lay in the fact that Punjab villagers had not been willing to part with their land. It is one thing to persuade people to make gifts of land, and even to accept the cooperative idea, in areas of great poverty where some have tiny holdings and others are still living on the labor of the landless. It is quite another to persuade the comparatively well-to-do and very independent farmers of the Punjab to abandon their traditional individualism. In short, the Punjab district as a whole has rejected his philosophy.

I was not surprised, the other day, to learn that Bhave has embarked on a peace mission to the bandit area of Uttar Pradesh. The police were willing to cooperate. How many known bandits would accept a promise of freedom from arrest and come out of hiding to listen to him? How many would be persuaded to become honest men? Would the Mahatma's teaching of love and cooperation work here, among a class who are supremely unloving and individualistic?

It is too early to say. Reports so far are that the bandits are not prepared to run the risk of coming into the open. All one can say for certain is that if India, or any Western country, for that matter, is to reach a further stage of civilization, it must move in the direction pointed by Vinoba Bhave. The mere multiplication of advertised goods, the mere speeding up of communications, the greater efficiency of machinery will benefit no one unless, like Bhave, we learn to think of ourselves as a family sharing, rather than as animals in a jungle in which we prey on each other. Bhave will be remembered as one of those who tried to make men understand this and act upon it.



The Power of the Tides

BY JOHN J. ROWLANDS

JOHN J. ROWLANDS lives at the water's edge in Cohasset, on the south shore of Massachusetts Bay, a perfect vantage point from which to observe the ways of birds and boatmen and the constant, yet ever-changing power of the tides. The following essay is taken from his new book, SPINDRIFT, which is being published by Norton this month.

ALMOST everything in life by the sea is decided in one way or another by the tides that rise and fall twice a day. But there is not a harbor, inlet, or river along the coast in which the sea comes and goes in the same way or at the same time. Not only must you know what to expect at every stage of the tides in various localities, but you should know the power and the pattern of the currents, which are often swift and sometimes treacherous. I remember taking a boat through a narrow rocky stretch of a tidal river in Maine when suddenly I discovered that the engine was not powerful enough to drive the boat against the outgoing tide and the natural current of the river. I was standing still with no hope of going ahead and no room to turn. The only thing to do was to throttle down the engine until the current began to carry the boat backward just fast enough to maintain rudder control, yet slow enough to avoid sluicing. In such a predicament you can be sure of one thing: the tide will show no mercy.

In the spring, when the boatyards come to life and small craft, calked and freshly painted, are ready for another season, it is the tide that gives the nod. And the great new liner resting on the ways in a nearby shipyard must wait for the highest tide of the month before the first wedge is knocked out and it glides into the water. And

Drawing by Henry B. Kane.

when at last it is ready for sea trials, it must again wait for high water before it can safely move down the channel to the open sea. The tides that hurry for no man teach an eternal lesson in patience.

The big tankers from Aruba and Venezuela sometimes anchor in Massachusetts Bay to wait for high water before proceeding to the upper reaches of the harbor to unload. If you watch closely and check the tide tables, you will note that they lift their anchors and start in on a schedule calculated to take them to their docks when the tide is at its highest. Relieved of their cargoes and riding light, they may in some parts of the harbor head to sea again without considering tidal conditions.

No one knows better than the people who live on the islands along our coast that the tides control their lives. Many of these islands rise straight out of the sea, with only a steep cove here and there from which to launch a boat. The problems, and sometimes perils, of living on an island are greatest during the winter, when storms and high tides may keep the inhabitants prisoners for a week or more at a time. True islanders stock their pantry shelves in the autumn with enough provisions to carry them through long stormy periods.

Those who live on islands seldom want to leave them. They are a self-sufficient, close-knit breed of a special kind, who value their isolation and independence, despite the crises that often arise when all means of communication with the mainland are cut off. That's a risk they are willing to

take. Newcomers are viewed with suspicion, but once accepted, the ties are loyal and lasting. Lighthouse keepers on the lonely coastal stations face the same problems, and they, too, may wait for weeks for a comparatively quiet day when the lighthouse tender can come close enough to replenish their supplies. Only men who are islanders at heart can stand the isolation and loneliness of the lighthouse service.

I know several islands that can be reached by roads which are under six to ten feet of water at high tide. Travel to such places moves on a schedule that allows vehicles to cross for about half an hour before and after low tide, and it is not uncommon to see latecomers driving through water a foot deep.

Back from the coast, where the sea runs through narrow channels and up twisting creeks to flood inner harbors and the great salt marshes, the time of high tide may vary from half an hour to two hours later than on the coast.

Little Harbor, which lies sheltered in the heart of our town, lies less than a quarter of a mile from the coast, from which the sea enters through a narrow cut in the rocks. Here, although it pours in with frothing violence, the sea cannot fill the harbor until an hour after high tide on the coast. And so, in turn, the tide is not low until after it has already started to rise in the bay. Woe betide the boatman who is not familiar with local tidal conditions such as these.

In shallow sections of the coast, the tides can change the appearance of the shore line in astonishing ways. In our section of the rocky shore, where the ledges drop sharply into deep water, there is little to indicate the rise and fall of the tide except the appearance of a reef, or perhaps the rounded top of a boulder. We can launch a boat in our cove at any stage of the tide.

In areas of shallow water, a boat afloat at its mooring at high tide may, when the tide is low, be high and dry and half a mile from the nearest water with dry sand or mud flats in between. In such places, a boatman caught at sea on an ebbing tide runs the risk of being stranded far from his mooring until the next tide, a danger that becomes serious in the case of a storm.

TWICE in the lunar month, once when the moon is new, and again in its last quarter, our tides run very low. These extremely low tides, which we call "minus tides" because they drop below the mean low-water mark, expose wide stretches of beach that are ordinarily several feet underwater.

Here, at the time of the minus tides, we see men and women, young and old, solemnly walking

backward close to the water's edge, stamping their feet and jabbing a pitchfork into the sand at every backward step. If you saw their performance on a beach in Africa, you would undoubtedly think it was a mysterious tribal dance, or even a religious rite. Actually, these are deep-sea clam diggers in search of the huge clams found only in sandy areas ordinarily covered by the sea.

Once you become a sea-clam addict, neither sleet nor snow, the bitter chill of the sea in December nor the high winds and biting rain of March will keep you away from the lonely beaches when the tides are on the minus side, be it by day or in the hours beyond midnight.

If I were to start a school for deep-sea clamming, I would work out some sort of rhythmic formula, such as: "Left foot back, stamp and jab! Right foot back, stamp and jab! Keep on backing, left foot, right foot, stamp and ram! Keep on until you find a clam!"

It's all very simple when you understand that the stamping produces vibrations that cause the clams to reveal themselves by a quick downward movement, leaving a tiny dimple in the wet sand. Then you plunge the tines of the pitchfork to the hilt and turn up the clam. But you have to know what you are looking for, because the dimple is so small that only a trained eye detects it.

The hardy veterans of the clam tides go into the icy winter sea, where the largest clams are found. Clad in waders to the chest, they, too, walk backward, probing the bottom with a pitchfork. The sense of touch determines whether an object is a rock or a clam. Wading for clams can be dangerous, for if you are knocked over by a wave in a running sea and your waders fill, you may be unable to get to your feet again.

Sea clams are from four to six inches long and about four inches wide, and anyone who has tasted deep-sea-clam chowder or stew, or minced clams baked on the shell with crumbs, butter, and pepper, fully understands why only the worst winter weather will keep a clammer away from the beach on the minus tides.

Compared with the soft-shell, or steamer, clam and the cherry stone, the flesh of the sea clam is tough and must be minced for cooking. The flavor, however, is superlative. The juice of the sea clam, saved when the clam is opened, makes delightful and nourishing broth when seasoned with butter and pepper.

The delicious steamer clam of the North Atlantic coast is becoming so scarce that restaurants are turning more and more to the deep-sea clams, which are now cut in thin slices and fried, just as soft-shell clams are cooked.

Commercial fishermen, using drags to scoop them from the bottom far out to sea, are finding

sea clams a profitable catch. This big clam is so heavy that a water pail containing twenty-five is about all the average man can carry. The shells when cleaned are pure white and make excellent ash trays, and as such they are often seen on the tables of sea-food restaurants along the shore.

On a cold day in winter, with a bitter wind sweeping the beach, deep-sea clamming is not a sport for weaklings, and even the strong and the old-timers, chilled to the bone, often hurry home to counteract the effect of the cold with what is known as a clam highball, which contains no clam juice whatever.

Soon after dawn on a calm summer day, we often sight a string of dories in tow of a boat with an outboard engine. These are the crew of mossers, old fellows and young, who know where the Irish moss grows on the deep, cold ledges. The moss, once valued only as the ingredient of a delicious pudding, is now in great demand for pharmaceutical and industrial purposes. It is raked from the ledges five to ten feet underwater just before and after low tide. After hours of raking, the dark crest of the glistening moss begins to show above the gunwales, and the dories are low in the water. Mossing is best on the minus tides.

Irish moss comes from the sea in hues of rose and jade, as well as smoky pink, pale purple, and dark cherry red. We gather enough on our shore after a storm for a pudding which is similar to blancmange.

No one along our shore is more familiar with its innumerable ledges than the lobstermen. We watch them putting down their pots in the spring, and those who want to fish close to the ledges drop the pots at low water, when many of the reefs show above water. Thus they can be sure of pulling the pots at any stage of the tide. In fact, the lobster buoys serve as navigation markers for their owners.

Many an experienced yachtsman, cautiously working his way through the treacherous ledges off New England harbors, watches the lobster buoys as well as his chart as he moves along. And, making allowance for the difference in draft of a lobster boat and his own craft, he has a rough guide to the depth of water. He knows that the lobster pot will not likely be placed in water less than ten or fifteen feet deep. No one, however, would be so rash as to navigate by lobster buoys alone. The rise and fall of the sea, and the peculiar motion of water near or above ledges, and constant study of charts with reference to buoys are what carry you through in safety.

One fine summer's day, with a brisk onshore

wind from the north, we sighted a large yawl heading directly for our cove. The area is peppered with reefs, and in some apprehension we tried to wave it off. But it came on, running before the wind, and as the helmsman swung a few points to the west and then made a sudden turn to the southeast, we realized he was following the only navigable channel to the cove. He came alarmingly close to shore before swinging into the wind and dropping anchor.

In a few minutes, a white-haired man in his late sixties was rowed ashore by a paid hand, and he called from the beach to ask permission to come to the house. He chuckled when we told him of our anxiety at bringing in a vessel that drew at least seven feet. He explained that when he was a child his family brought him to an old summer hotel on our point and that he had begun his sailing in a dory and had through the years come to know every ledge along the shore. He had chosen to come in at low water because he had been guided by certain exposed ledges through the only safe passage. He felt sure that on a rocky coast it was safe to assume that there would be virtually no changes in the bottom over a period of fifty years. On a sandy coast you cannot be sure that storms may not change the depth of a channel in a week.

Our new-found friend wandered alone over our rocks for more than an hour, reliving boyhood memories of more than fifty years ago. Then, with the assurance of one who knew his boat and the sea, he took the yawl out through the ledges to the deep water of the open bay.

The lives of sea and shore birds depend to a large degree on tidal changes, and well they know it. At low water the gulls often join the shore birds, hunting for food on the mud flats and sand bars, and on the incoming tide the gulls are likely to be on the wing, patrolling the coast. Their knowledge of the tides is clearly indicated when, after high tide, they turn inland to the town dumps and other possible sources of sustenance. The low white clouds we see over fishing vessels coming into port are actually thousands of gulls hovering wing tip to wing tip over the vessels to pick up fish scraps as the catch is sorted.

At certain times of the year, when schools of small fish are driven ashore by larger enemies, they seek refuge in the shallow water, and the gulls swarm to the feast. The gulls and terns also know that the possibilities of finding food in the open sea are increased during particularly heavy storms and high winds. I have never seen a storm, even when the winds reached full gale force, in which the gulls were not working the shore line.

Their flight during a heavy storm is particularly interesting to watch. Much of the time they

ride the wind currents on fixed wings, which move only to overcome the turbulence of a sudden change in wind velocity or direction. Under ordinary conditions, the birds fly with the tail feathers closed, but in heavy storms the tail feathers fan out, and I have noted in many instances that, during the most violent gusts, the birds drop one foot in the vertical position of a rudder to help stabilize themselves.

I have also noticed that, in flying into the wind during storms, the birds often allow themselves to be carried upward for two or three hundred feet and then dive into the wind, thus gaining some forward progress. Now and again, with wings working at full power, they fly just above the waves, where the air appears to be less turbulent.

We know the sea as the helpless slave of the storm winds that drive it across the outlying reefs to break high and white on our shore. And in the thunder of water reeling back again and again, one can imagine a bitter, weary moan of protest over the futility of it all. Sometimes the sea seems very tired.

TO KNOW the sea in its most tranquil moments, you must follow the rising tide to the great salt marshes and the quiet hidden meadows that lie far inland, sheltered from the sweep of the winds by the wooded hills. You must know where you are going when you trail the sea to the silent sanctuary of the marshes, while the tide fills the harbors and rivers and slides up the creeks, on and on, rising almost imperceptibly as it trickles into every crevice.

Only the sea remembers the hidden and long-forgotten little culverts under old roads that border the marshes, and it finds and follows the straight-lined drainage ditches hidden by the matted grass. With watery fingers it feels its way, creeping into every muskrat run and the burrows of the sea worms. And so at high water the marshes are flooded, and the sea rests for a little before turning back with the ebbing tide.

To say that the sea is completely still at any time is misleading, for even at slack water in the marshes it is moving, although its motion may be as faint to the eye as the rise and fall of the breast of a child in sleep. The moods of the sea change constantly, and its colors are never the same for an hour at a time. From blue or pale green it may fade to a sullen gray. Sometimes, just ahead of a weather front, it takes on a brassy tint.

Far back in the quiet marshes, it may, in turn, be a tapering band of sapphire blue that matches the sky or the dull blue that comes before a squall. Under the frosty light of a moon in autumn, the wandering channel is a silver dragon writhing

through the dark salt hay. After a January snow-storm, it snakes its way along a black path through the white meadows, and later, after a long freeze, great slabs of gray ice lie in a shattered pattern on the banks of the creeks when the tide runs out.

It was from the salt marshes that the early settlers gathered hay for their livestock, and because many of them had come from homes with thatched roofs, they found in the marsh hay an excellent covering for their new homes.

August was the haying season, and cutting and piling the grass usually depended upon the coming and going of the tides. Scythes often flashed in the light of the moon, and the farm women brought food to the rim of the marsh to feed the weary mowers by the light of driftwood fires. At times, harvesting on the salt marshes was perilous, for, working against time, farmers sometimes waited too long to get out of the marshes before the tide covered roads of escape.

The early-colonial haying was done with hand scythes, and the crop was piled on staddles, series of posts driven into the marsh in circular formation to provide a foundation on which to stack the hay out of reach of high water. A hay-stack on a staddle resembled the grass huts built on stilts by African and Polynesian natives.

Later, horse-drawn mowing machines were used to cut the hay crop, and in some marshes the horses wore large, flat wooden clogs which, like snowshoes, kept them from sinking into the soft tidal muck. This procedure required special schooling, and I well remember the horses on a Maine coastal farm being led around the barnyard wearing oval-shaped clogs to train them not to stumble. Anyone who has learned how to snowshoe will understand the problem of teaching a four-footed animal the art of bog walking.

As the land was cleared and the farms developed their own upland hayfields, marsh hay lost much of its value. It is, however, still harvested for use as a mulch for crops and flower beds, and the hay that one sometimes sees spread on freshly laid concrete highways is almost certain to have come from a marsh. Its value for such purposes lies in its insulating qualities.

Cutting marsh hay provides food for birds, and the salt-marsh hayfields are favorite stopping places for geese and ducks on their southward flight. Hawks soaring on motionless wings above the golden carpet of stubble find field-mouse hunting at its best.

So it is that most of us here by the sea — man and beast, the birds of the sea, the fish, and the little animals that live miles back in the salt marshes — must wait for the tides to say, "Now you may go" and "Now you may come," and so it will always be.

THE YEARLING SWIFT

BY I. A. RICHARDS

"Although the yearling swifts do not breed, they frequent the colonies during the breeding season, selecting holes, forming pairs and even building nests." — "The Home Life of the Swift" by David and Elizabeth Lack in 20th Century Bestiary, a Scientific American book, Simon and Schuster.

Bygones, begone! They trouble me:
Echoings from what used to be.
Study, instead, to soothe the mind,
These ultra-denizens of the wind:
Scarce here, than passed — sped flashing by
On after-images in the eye.

Before these Birds were got or laid
Parents in Africa fed and played:
Skimming the water's film for drink;
Climbing, higher than you can think,
Screaming up spirals leading to
Winging a night-long cycle through;
Falling, as dawn comes wheeling by;
To snatch a gnat or an early fly;
Weaving up North — swung North, the Sun —
Back to the homesite, fought for, won;
Waiting about till — flap — who's here?
The fellow you went with yesteryear!
Building anew the nest you built,
All out of airborne drift and silt,
Anything carried by gust or flaw:
Petal or feather or leaf or straw.
Gumming them — wall and flange and floor —
Leaving a drop-hole for your door.

Then, ah then, at the sacred hour
Poised betwixt dearth and dower
Balanced between night and day
Out on a brilliant wing of May:
Eight P.M. or six A.M.;
Then the aerial requiem:
Gliding down the cushioning air
Scream together the mating pair.

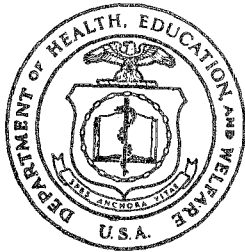
Two, or three, eggs: what toil and pain;
Chill England hung with mist and rain;
Hardly an insect on the wing:
Five hours of swooping but to bring
One bolus back to a gaping bill.
Until, one day when you've caught your fill,
What you've been feeding and fending for
Has quietly tipped through your drop-hole door,
Spread out its wings, unspread before,
Opened its lifetime in the air.
Beats it, maybe, to Africa.

Didn't you, once, from a nest so steal?
Better gulp down that needless meal!

See now the yearlings, home again,
African flights enjoyed in vain,
Colony-circling far and near.
What is it now they play at here?

Outcomes, come out! They baffle me:
Samplings of what needs must be.

THE SOCIAL SECURITY BILL



25 years after

BY THOMAS H. ELIOT

In 1933, together with many of his youthful Harvard Law School classmates, THOMAS H. ELIOT went to Washington, becoming assistant solicitor of the Department of Labor under Frances Perkins. She appointed Mr. Eliot as counsel for the committee which drafted the Social Security bill. After serving as general counsel for the Social Security Board, he returned to Massachusetts, taught at Harvard, was elected to Congress, and in 1952 joined the faculty of Washington University in St. Louis.

TWENTY-FIVE years can play tricks with memory, but I cannot help suspecting that Miss Frances Perkins, for twelve years Secretary of Labor and my onetime boss, has been a willing victim. It appears that Miss Perkins, in talking about the enactment of the Social Security Act in 1935, has taken to telling a story about me and old Congressman Robert Doughton, who as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee had the job of steering that long and complicated measure through the House. Mr. Doughton was not particularly enthusiastic about social welfare. He had little interest in the bill, and even less knowledge of its details. He needed someone beside him during the debate to provide him with the answers to hostile questions. Unfortunately, only representatives and congressional employees are allowed on the floor of the House. I was neither, but as Madam Secretary now tells the tale, I dressed in blue serge knickerbockers, played the part of a House page, and bearing nonexistent messages dashed to Mr. Doughton's side each time he floundered to whisper words of wisdom into his ear. Well, it would have been fun! And in those days I did look quite youthful, but a six-foot man of twenty-seven simply cannot masquerade as a page.

On having this yarn recounted to me, I turned Edward Everett Hale's "Look forward and not back" motto face down and decided to do some

reminiscing of my own. After all, the Social Security Act was an historic innovation; along with the dams on the Tennessee and Columbia, perhaps the most durable achievement of the early New Deal. On its twenty-fifth anniversary, August 14, 1960, there will doubtless be speeches and articles and columns full of statistics about the millions of people it has helped or the millions of dollars it has extracted from our pay checks. And someone, perhaps, will publish a solemn, scholarly legislative history. I could do that, for as counsel to the President's committee on economic security, in 1934 and 1935, I was neck deep in the development of the program. But personal recollections of the small decision, the casual conversation, are sometimes just as revealing as are statistical data, and more likely to evoke the atmosphere in which history is made. Public policies are not made *in vacuo*.

The Potomac atmosphere in early 1935 was one of importunate enthusiasm — of aggressive confidence, too, with one great exception. That exception, which colored the thinking of even the lowliest contributor to policy making, was grave uncertainty as to the Supreme Court's view of the constitutionality of New Deal legislation. To be sure, the *Schechter* decision, which invalidated the NRA and provoked President Roosevelt to angry comments about the "horse-and-buggy Court," was not handed down until late May. Long before

that, however, all of us working to prepare social insurance legislation were aware of the constitutional difficulties involved. A young lawyer saddled with more responsibility than he should have accepted (I not only accepted it, I clung to it) was unceasingly conscious of the threatening shadow cast by the Constitution or the justices or both.

The bill was introduced on January 17. It was not ready for introduction. The President's committee headed by Miss Perkins had not agreed on its main features until after the new year began; in fact, one member of the committee, Secretary Morgenthau, at the last moment withdrew his agreement to the proposal's financial provisions. But, as everything in the program except old age insurance — unemployment compensation, old age assistance, aid to dependent children, child welfare — depended on complementary state action, speed seemed desirable. Almost all of the state legislatures were in session in 1935. They would not meet again in regular session for two years, so unless Congress acted quickly, state action might be long postponed. It seems odd now that anyone could have imagined that Congress would pass such a long and novel measure in the space of a few weeks. Yet at the time it seemed possible. Perhaps we were still bemused by the unique performance of Congress in the spring of 1933, when measures of great import had been rushed so swiftly to enactment. But those "hundred days" were unique in peacetime legislative history, and are likely to remain so.

Originally entitled the Economic Security bill, the legislation recommended by the President's committee was mimeographed and introduced in the Senate by Robert F. Wagner of New York and in the House by David J. Lewis of Maryland. Later on the same day, Chairman Doughton got a copy of it, put his copy into the House clerk's hopper, and — such is the influence of seniority and committee chairmanships — persuaded the clerk to give it a lower number than had been given to Lewis' copy. This made it seem that Doughton had introduced the bill first, and newspapers began calling the measure the Wagner-Doughton bill. Representative Lewis, a little pepper pot of a man with a deep and passionate commitment to social welfare, sputtered and swore. Then he went to work to understand every sentence of the bill and to master the arguments in favor of it. It may not have been called the Wagner-Lewis bill, as it should have been, but when eventually it was debated, the House of Representatives gave Lewis a standing ovation as he stumped down the aisle to speak in its behalf.

Hostile newspapers — which comprised most of the press — promptly assailed the new bill as a

hodgepodge, an ill-drafted legislative monstrosity. Their criticisms on this score were uninformed. The chief complaint was that various subjects were scattered throughout the measure: thus, one chapter, or title, imposed a tax for old age insurance, while the provision for old age benefits appeared in a separate title many pages distant. The critics did not know — or perhaps they did — that this awkward arrangement was deliberate. It was designed to make it easier for the Supreme Court to sustain the measure's validity — not to fool the court but to give the justices a technical peg on which to hang their hats if they so desired. Meanwhile, some social security experts joined the chorus, citing other examples of bad draftsmanship; again, their examples did not prove their point. They objected to substance, not form; they preferred ways of promoting unemployment compensation different from the tax-offset device included in the bill.

YET the original bill was certainly not well drafted. It was, in fact, a hodgepodge, not of unrelated subjects but of drafts prepared by various people, drafts which I either accepted *in toto* (the old age insurance provisions ably but hurriedly prepared in the Treasury Department) or edited far too hastily (the welfare titles written in the Children's Bureau). Inevitably, too, it reflected my heedless failure to resolve many small but significant policy issues which had been discussed little or not at all by the President's committee. Drafting is not just a technical job; it requires foreseeing every possible question that may arise and eliminating every ambiguity.

This I really learned in the winter of 1935 from a great and unsung teacher. He was Middleton Beaman, legislative counsel of the House of Representatives. A tense, caustic, redheaded Yankee, he reminded me of a Vermont schoolmarm; and it was this role that he played when he and I appeared, day after day, at the executive sessions of the Ways and Means Committee. The committee's procedure was to read the bill, paragraph by paragraph. No sooner was a sentence read, however, than Mr. Beaman was on his feet asking questions: Where the bill said that employees should receive old age benefits, did it mean to include American employees stationed abroad? If the committee members said No, then Mr. Beaman, terrierlike, would ask: What about a contractor in Detroit who sent his regular crew on to a job for a few days in Windsor, Ontario? What about seamen on the Great Lakes? A cook on a ship that went from Seattle to Alaska, through Canadian waters? He insisted on an-

swers, and the committee members generally complied.

Not always did they comply quickly. Some days we would cover several pages; on others, only a few lines. On most committees there are a few bellwethers, and Ways and Means was no exception. Mr. Beaman won some small bets with me as to the progress we would make on particular days, bets which we made as the members were assembling. It took me several days to catch on. Mr. Beaman based his predictions not on the complexity of the bill's subject matter but on the behavior of one member as he first entered the room. That one member was Fred Vinson, later Chief Justice of the United States. If Vinson, on entering, walked directly to his seat, said an amiable "Good morning," and began perusing the bill, we were pretty sure of having a productive day. But if he came in either scowling or whispering jovial stories to a couple of his colleagues, the morning could be counted as lost.

Vinson was the dominant influence, but there were other committee members who could hold things up or make them march. The able and ever-courteous Jere Cooper of Tennessee, reluctant to say he opposed anything, would wrinkle his brows more painfully and say, "I'm just — ah-wah — just a country boy, and I just can't seem — ah-wah — can't seem to *understand*." On the Republican side, Alvin Treadway, the big bull-voiced hotelkeeper from Massachusetts, took a vast interest in two relatively small matters, forcing each to be discussed for a whole morning. One was the plight of hotels, which would be subject to a payroll levy, in competition with those cabins that preceded today's motels, where there were no bellboys or waitresses and so no payrolls to tax. The other was whether janitors in private schools should have social security. Why this was worth three hours of discussion was a mystery; Mr. Treadway's interest seemed to stem from the fact that his grandson attended an Ivy League boarding school, but the latter, surely, was not on the verge of bankruptcy.

On Ways and Means in 1935 was another Massachusetts man, one who later attained national distinction — John W. McCormack, who has been the Democratic floor leader since 1940. McCormack took little part in the discussion, but his quick thinking saved an important section of the bill from temporary extinction. Angered by the committee's refusal to exempt incorporated farms from the unemployment compensation tax, a rural member suddenly moved to eliminate all provisions relating to unemployment compensation. The roll was called, and the vote stood at eight to eight. Up to that moment, there had been no proxy voting nor even the mention of such

a possibility, but now came Treadway's deep and portentous voice: "I have the proxy of our colleague Dr. Crowther, and he votes Aye." Instantly McCormack, looking blandly at the ceiling, spoke in a rapid monotone: "I have the proxies of Mr. Cullen and Mr. Sullivan, and they both vote No." Sauce for the gander!

Odd things happened in those winter weeks. For three days, on the direction of the committee, Mr. Beaman, Alanson Willcox of the Treasury, and I worked late into the night drafting new sections to include benefits for survivors of people covered by old age insurance. When we presented our draft, the committee discussed it for five minutes and then voted to drop the whole subject. (Not until the law was amended in 1939 did old age insurance become the Old Age and Survivors Insurance that we know today.) The most far-reaching innovation in the bill, old age insurance itself, was debated only briefly, Republican members deciding to confine their opposition to a minority report. And the members of the committee, after picking the brains of Professor Edwin E. Witte of Wisconsin, a walking encyclopedia on welfare and social insurance matters, who testified for four full days, turned on him vengefully when they thought he had divulged to a Wisconsin citizen how one congressman had voted on a particular paragraph. Actually it was I who had perpetrated this grave misdemeanor. I said so, whereupon the members praised me extravagantly for confessing.

When in April the bill at long last came to the floor of the House, I was a wiser young man than I had been three months before — not a sadder one, to be sure, but thanks to Mr. Beaman, a much humbler one. I was also exhausted. Far from dressing up as a page, I took to my bed with a high fever, and on arising, went off to bask in the spring sunlight of the Great Smokies. So I missed the debate, missed the ovation for Davey Lewis, missed hearing Knutson of Minnesota shout that I was "wet behind the ears" and Fred Vinson somewhat less accurately refer to me as the "Assistant Secretary of Labor." I didn't witness the final clash, when the Republican minority voted almost solidly to strike out all provisions for old age insurance, or the anticlimactic roll call with its overwhelming majority in favor of the passage of the bill. Miss Perkins telegraphed me as soon as that roll call ended — a typical act of thoughtfulness by a great lady.

Two months later, the bill passed the Senate. Its consideration there had to be preceded by two weeks of deliberation by the Senate Finance Com-

mittee, presided over by the shrewd and witty Pat Harrison of Mississippi. With his small potbelly, receding chin, and sleepy drawl, Harrison looked like a rather droll and lazy fellow; actually, he was keen, industrious, and determined. Emotionally, he was no more committed to social welfare than Doughton was. However, assuming full responsibility for getting a respectable bill through the Senate, he ruled his committee firmly; and on several warm evenings, his young assistant Leonard Calhoun and I sat on Harrison's front porch going over every detail of every section, while the senator rocked in his chair, puffed his cigar, asked sharp questions, and absorbed the answers.

In the Finance Committee, the chief substantive contribution was made by Senator LaFollette, "Young Bob," that "small bubbling fountain of common sense," as Rebecca West once called him after watching him at a committee hearing. But the man whom I watched with fascination was a Republican senator from New Hampshire, Henry W. Keyes. My father had been at college with Senator Keyes. When I was home for a weekend in early May, my father said to me, "If I were a betting man, I would wager that in the committee meetings [which were about to begin] Harry Keyes will not say ten words." So I looked and listened. Each morning, the venerable senator smiled behind his mustache and bowed politely to one and all. Each time the committee was polled, instead of saying "Aye" or "No" he nodded or shook his head. As far as one could tell, he had no more voice than a giraffe. Finally the committee finished reading the bill. Chairman Harrison embarked on a flowery oration of gratitude and praise for all and sundry — his colleagues, Mr. Beaman, the Senate draftsmen, Leonard Calhoun, me, the President's committee. As he paused for breath, Senator Keyes looked up. Astonishingly, he opened his mouth; unbelievably, he spoke: "I move we adjourn."

The bill became law on August 14, 1935. And still no one could be sure that it would last. Was it constitutional? Certainly its welfare provisions, grants-in-aid to the states, were valid, but what of unemployment compensation and old age insurance? In regard to unemployment compensation, I had been tiresomely insistent during the drafting of the bill in proposing a federal tax on employers which would be "forgiven" to the extent that the employers paid contributions into state unemployment compensation funds. I was insistent because

there was a judicial precedent for upholding this method of persuading the states to act and because Justice Brandeis had casually mentioned that precedent to his son-in-law, a leader in the unemployment compensation movement in Wisconsin. With respect to old age insurance, the Constitution gives the Congress power to tax and spend for the general welfare. But was a particular tax on employees, who would eventually be paid benefits in amounts measured by the taxes they had paid, a proper exercise of this congressional power? Or was it an attempt to establish a compulsory retirement insurance system, and if so, was it beyond the authority of Congress? We could not know the answers to these questions until a May morning in 1937, when Justice Cardozo began to read the court's opinions upholding both phases of the Social Security Act.

By that time I had been general counsel of the Social Security Board for nearly two years. It seems hard to realize now, but I had had no idea of reaching such an exalted position until after the bill had passed both House and Senate and was in the final days of interchamber conference. The possibility — nay, probability — hit me hard and suddenly early one afternoon when Leonard Calhoun drawled, "Tom, when you're general counsel of this new board that's going to run this program, I'd like to be one of your assistants." (He was.) Later that day I drove to an outdoor cocktail party, my mind spinning with the wheels. I had just turned twenty-eight; could I conceivably handle this assignment? I had learned a lot, but I was still too young. Nevertheless, maybe — yes, I could swing it if I could have at my right hand an older man, a steadying influence, a person of great experience and mature judgment. No sooner had I arrived at my destination than I saw among the guests, at the far corner of the terrace, the seasoned lawyer I needed. I didn't know him very well, but I knew he was the man. I walked over to him and said abruptly, "If I'm made general counsel of the Social Security Board, will you be my first assistant?" He looked at me calmly for a few seconds, smiled slightly, and answered, "Yes." He was thirty-two years old.

In truth, when writing recently of those New Deal years, Gerald Johnson chose the most appropriate quotation:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!



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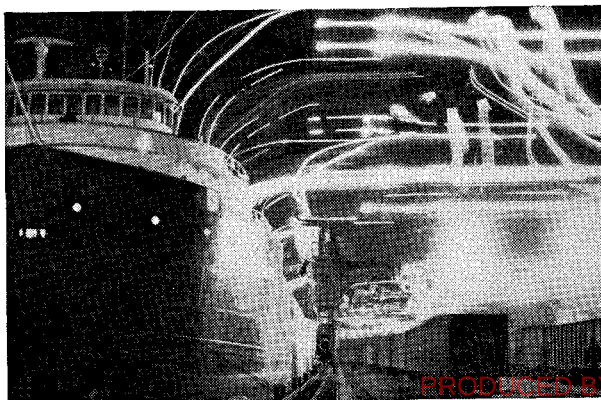
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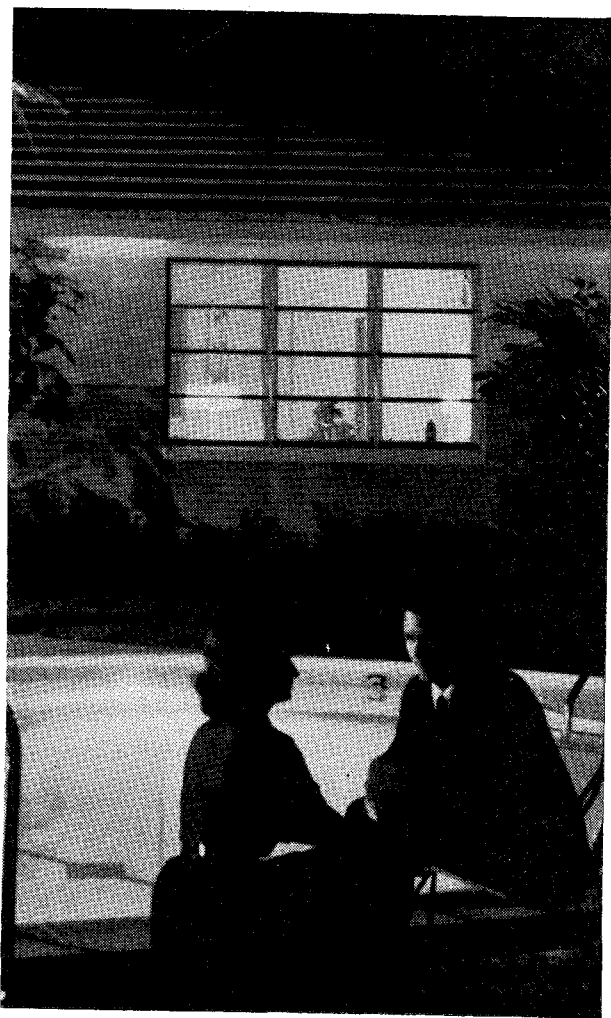
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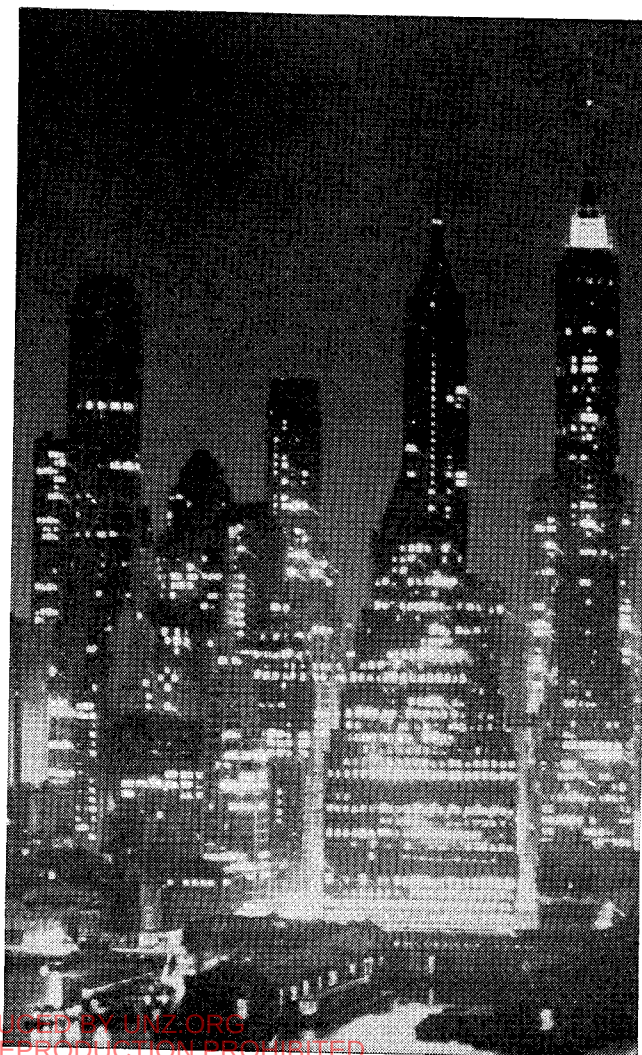
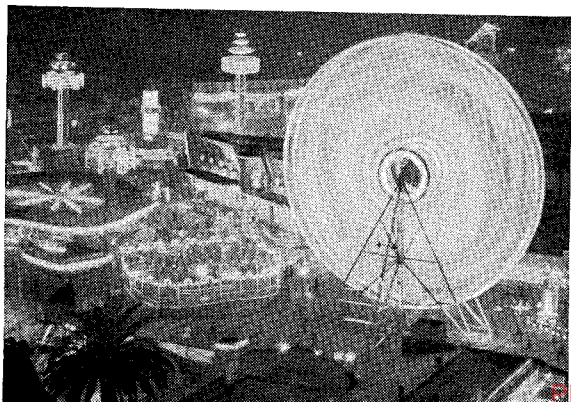
that all Americans would be taxed to pay for.

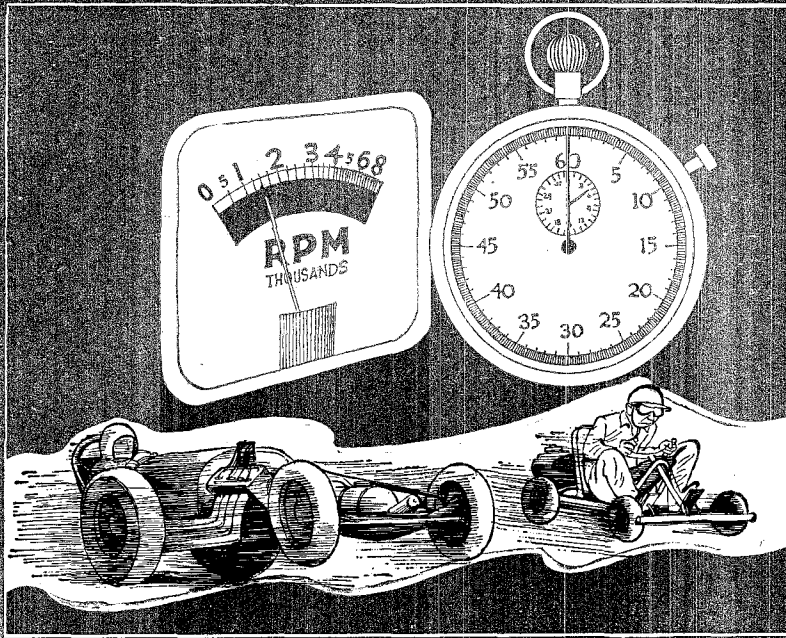
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Accent on Living

ANYONE wishing to catch a glimpse of American individualism at its headiest can do so by looking in on the annual Hot Rod Show in Indianapolis. The show is neither large nor pretentious, but the zeal of the exhibitors in behalf of their vehicles and the ingenuity of their designs are arresting, to say the least. Nothing really stands still in the hot-rod world, so that the preoccupations disclosed by the exhibitors change considerably from year to year, and one never knows quite what to expect.

This year, for instance, while the hot rods seemed much as heretofore, the developments in karts and dragsters were downright showy. Karts and karting look like the underpinnings of a sizable enlargement of the automotive industry. "Get in on karting, the family sport now sweeping the nation," exhorts a manufacturer advertising in the magazine *Hot Rod*. "Have kart—it will travel," declares another. One kart is called the Futura Fireball; there are also the Cyclone, the Hurricane, the Trackmaster, and the Thunderbug karts. (Among these lighthearted entrepreneurs, Fairbanks Morse, big and respectable, stuffily insists on spelling it "cart.") Already the Go Kart Club of America has come into being, while at Nassau the Grand Prix de Karts has materialized as a competitive fixture.

A kart is in no sense a road vehicle, but solely for racing, and its small dimensions and low clearance enable it to get around nimbly on extremely small tracks. Dragster competition is usually on airfield straightaways or the Bonneville flats. A medical friend of mine in the outskirts of Indianapolis scraped out a small kart track (trak?) for himself and his children in his spacious lawn. The neighbors' children joined in, but my friend found complications at this point in a possible liability for injury to them, and I believe the track had to go back to his family drivers and no others. A grown man at the helm of a kart, incidentally, is a man with his knees up under his chin. Forty-five mph in a kart is said to seem much faster. In some parts of this country, karting goes on in the empty parking lots of supermarkets while the markets are closed.

A kart is little more than four wheels supporting a squarish frame, one or two engines, and a seat for the driver. The engines are usually of the type found in power mowers and chain saws, mounted at the rear with a chain-and-sprocket drive to the rear axle, or to each rear wheel when two engines are used. Tires are "racing flats," small tires with a wide, entirely flat tread to afford the maximum adhesive surface. Some karts use large motorcycle engines,

mounted in front or at the rear, and the fancier types can do as much as 80 mph, with correspondingly quick acceleration for a vehicle weighing in the neighborhood of 200 pounds or less. There can be no doubt that the kart-buying public will soon be rodding up its karts, for, as I say, nothing is allowed to stagnate in the world of the hop-ups. We await the advent of the karter who hunches his knees in front of a 300 Chrysler engine or some comparably high-powered conversion.

Conversions come into their own on the dragsters. There were three at the hot-rod show of which we took special note. The first was the handiwork of Ralph Dees, a blond young man who drives a truck for Indianapolis Motor Freight and spends his off hours in finding out how quickly he can travel the quarter mile from a standing start.

It should be explained, at this point, that a dragster is designed for the quarter and little else. Its front wheels, usually motorcycle wire wheels, and suspension are minimal; it usually has no body or even a housing over its engine. The engine is mounted well toward the rear, and the driver sits in a kind of pulpit, between roll bars, as far back as two or three feet abaft the rear axle, all these quirks being intended to place, for purposes of

traction, as much weight as possible on the rear wheels. The latter are shod with huge racing slicks; the width of the flat tread on the Dees car was nine inches.

The Dees dragster has no radiator, water pump, or fan; ignition is by magneto, thus eliminating a battery. We inquired about a tiny red tank, neatly mounted above the six carburetors of the 1957 Chevrolet engine. "I fill the water jackets of the engine through it," the owner explained, "and leave the tank part empty for expansion when the water heats up. I usually take off when the temperature gets up to 140 degrees." The fuel tank, further forward, held just one gallon. At the extreme rear, behind the driver, is a stout vertical "push bar" for starting with the aid of a more normal car behind. Dees uses a 1939 Ford transmission with two forward speeds.

When one considers that around sixteen seconds is fairly fast time for many a sports car over the standing quarter mile, the time of the Dees machine is interesting: 11.96 seconds, with a speed of 119.4 mph attained by the finish line.

Just next to Dees in the show was a slightly hotter quarter-miler, this one with a 1957 Oldsmobile power plant supercharged by a converted blower taken from a GMC diesel truck. The elapsed time for this conversion's quarter was 10.78, in which interval it accelerated to 133 mph. The owners gave its weight as 1350

pounds and estimated its brake horsepower as 550 at 5500 rpm. They were still seeking improvement, they said, and hoped by next year to be attaining 165 mph in a shade over nine seconds. The transmission in this case held a single speed forward, with a rear axle ratio of 3.78 to one — standard for high gear on many ordinary cars. We asked the owners if an additional gear might get it off the mark more quickly. "Yes, it would," they replied, "but you'd be wasting too much time in shifting." The third dragster that we admired was unattended, but it was surrounded, like the others, by dozens of competition trophies, and a card identified the owner as Slim Flick, of Kokomo, Indiana. It seemed to us a euphonious name for the driver of an 11.56 ET machine with a terminal figure of 123.77.

There was a prodigiously bedizened motorcycle near the entrance to the show; a card announced that Bob Fulder of Parkersburg, West Virginia, had put in three years' work on it and would sell it for \$2800. The all-white pickup truck nearby came from Teufel's Garage, Springfield, Illinois; it was powered by a "full race Edmunds setup" on a Canadian Ford truck engine driving a 1948 Lincoln transmission. It was upholstered in white and carpeted throughout in white velours. "Yeah," said the owner. "I use it every once in a while."

CHARLES W. MORTON

INFLATABLE POOL

BY GEORGE STARBUCK

At least it couldn't possibly get hotter.

Just look at our young daughter:
up to her ears in water
like a sea otter.

Her brother: up to nothing, like a sloth.

Or me, besting them both
like some indigenous aquatic growth.

Not that I'm loath
to play the hale and hell-for-leather father —

It's just that we'd all rather
I didn't bother.

The Neurotic's Notebook



MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

People who won't have a TV set in the house get more pleasure from their refusal than most of us get from TV.



What you have become is the price you paid to get what you used to want.



I hate being so intolerant, and I wouldn't be if people didn't deserve it.



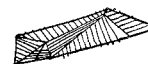
Not for nothing does the neurotic suffer — but not for anything very much, either.



To be an only child is to have a very unreliable playmate.



I want what I want when I want it; that is to say, when you don't want me to have it.



Beneath all our good works lies the hope of heaven, and beneath that the fear of hell, and beneath that the conviction that if Mother had just done her job right we could have spent our lives lying in the sun.



Doodles courtesy of Charles W. Morton.

Blanket Rule

BY BETTY DUNN

A native of Texas, BETTY DUNN was a newspaper reporter there before marrying a New Englander and migrating East.

Where I come from, the summers are very long and hot and the economic standing of a member of the community can often be judged by how far he will go on his vacation just to cool off.

This measure of wealth is, loosely, a blanket rule. It covers just about everyone with enough means to escape south Texas in June, July, August, and September. For example, the salaried employee will frequently go off to the Colorado mountains and post-card back with understandable pride that he "slept under a blanket last night."

The level of his achievement is recognized immediately by his perspiring neighbors at home, who also, by the way, peg him as a probable two-weeker. Obviously, he can only afford to penetrate those fairly accessible regions which will cool him down one blanket's worth. With a better job and the time off that goes with it, he could travel farther and get colder. However, if he is just beginning his vacation career, he is off to an acceptable start and he is headed in the right direction.

The blanket trail from south Texas leads west by northwest, very rarely east or due north, and never, never south. The employee's superior, for instance, who will be a two-blanket man, can be found huddled predictably in a cabin beside the gelid waters of a Wyoming highland lake. He won't be going east of the Rockies or south of the Rio Grande, although rumors persist from Mexico City that the nights there, because of the altitude, will

positively raise goose pimples on the bare arm — they're that nippy — and everyone sleeps under a blanket as a matter of course. This kind of good-neighbor report cuts no ice at home because the tourist's motives are suspect. People figure a vacationer goes to Mexico City to look at the place, not as evidence that he is spending a bundle just to be cool.

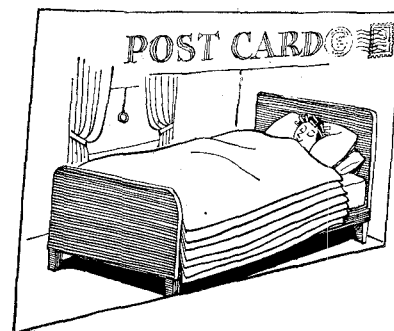
Altitude is important, of course, literally and figuratively — that, plus distance and bone-chilling weather. We have distance where I come from but relatively little high ground, and the only authentic pneumonia zone is inside the house by your air conditioner. That doesn't count. You have to get out and up and far away.

Usually the post card will place the traveler at an approximate distance of one, two, or three thousand miles — multiply, very roughly, by three for altitude — depending on whether he reports shivering under one, two, or three blankets. Little need to look at the picture on the front, except to make sure it isn't of some place like Milwaukee. It is a good sign that the sender is truly an important man if the message is a barely legible scrawl, apparently scratched with mittens on.

"Card from H. J. this morning," someone will remark at the office, puzzling over handwriting that looks like a doctor's prescription. "Says he 'has to slip under . . . brown . . . jumpeter . . . here B. C.'"

The best post card in the world couldn't say it better. By the end of the day everybody realizes that it is a down comforter he is sleeping under, and the B.C. is British Columbia, probably high in the Canadian Rockies. That's better than three blankets. The man who will conscientiously haul himself that far, and get that miserable, should and does enjoy the esteem of the entire sweltering community.

There is no need, incidentally, to do much of anything on one of these



trips. Nobody expects or wants an account of knees knocking together in a glacial trout stream or descriptions of the pinched faces of little children as they hike up mountain trails. Prestige is not built or maintained on activity but just on woolly blankets, featherbeds, and the like. Besides, the average vacationing family, having got away from the heat, will normally engage in briskly stimulating outdoor doings only the first day or so, preferring to spend most of the time inside by a roaring fire. Except, of course, for periodic dashes to a drafty backwoods post office to write and mail cards.

Not everybody plays fair by the blanket rule. You hear of people post-carding home vaguely that they "could use blankets here at night all right," but not mentioning that they actually do use them, or how many. A card like that could be written in a movie theater right downtown.

Where I live now in northern New England the summers are short and cool, but our tourists come from places like New Hampshire, where the climate is every bit as bracing as it is here, or from other New England states, and even from northern outposts like Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, where it is probably darned cold. Whatever do these people write home on post cards?

I suppose there can be a prestige differential between fresh water and salt water, for example, if anyone cares to look into it. Or between sailboats and motorboats. There is the matter of horsepower, too, that can be taken up. But can any one of these factors become a norm comparable to the blanket rule?

From where I sit before the fire, wrapped in my afghan, composing a few post cards, I can't see that people who never get really hot in summer have any aim or governing principle. They really have no business traveling at all.

MARK VAN DOREN

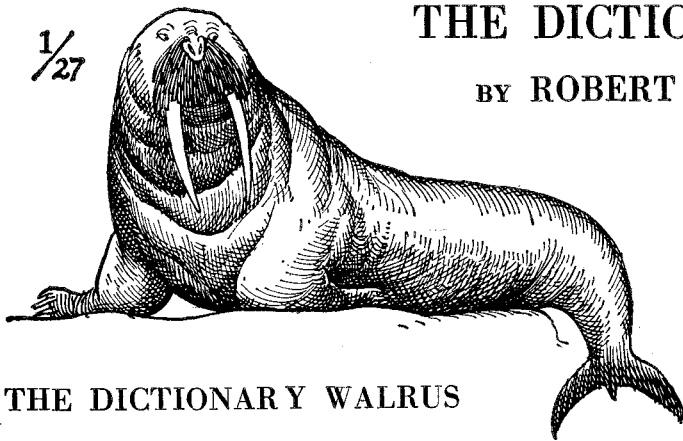
FIRST SYMPTOM

"You told me that before." "Oh, dear.
Some day it will be fifty times.
For I am as my mother was."
"But this was twice." "The number climbs."

1/27

THE DICTIONARY ZOO

BY ROBERT WALLACE



THE DICTIONARY WALRUS

Looking like 1905,
though considerably older,
obviously longing to wive
and sport where the air is apt to be colder

than here, the walrus sits
between Walpurgis Night and waltz,
nicely suspended between the flesh's and the spirit's
comfortable faults,

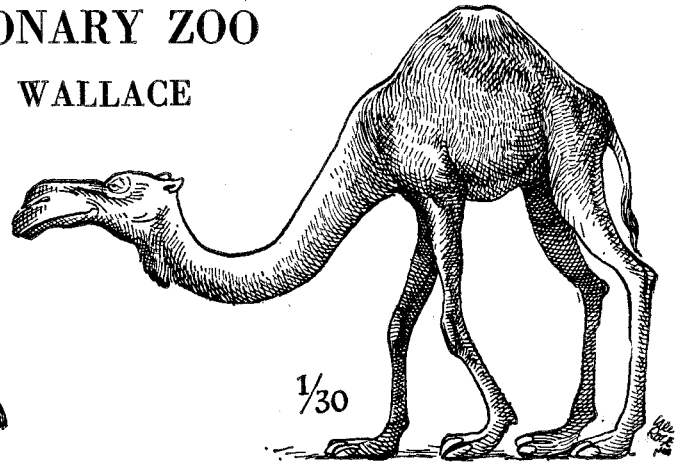
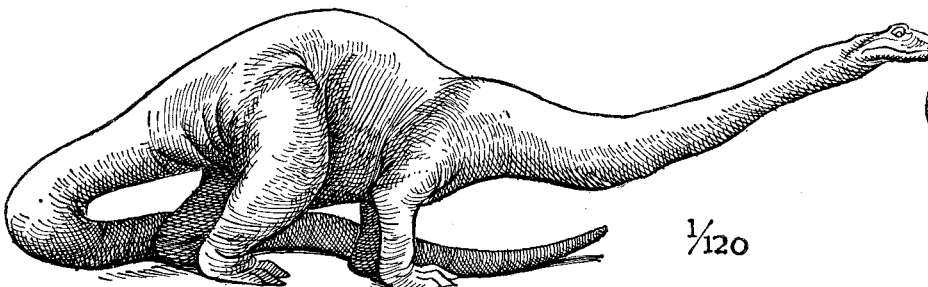
but ignoring both, looking straight ahead,
a dreamy lounge on the Arctic sun,
fin-feet spread,
exile from the blizzard coasts where ice floes run;

(1/120) natural size,
the leathery whale-horse (from the Dutch),
by the look in his heavy-lidded eyes,
doesn't like it much.

THE DICTIONARY BRONTOSAURUS

Thunder-lizard (Greek) and huge as you want, he's
really
 well-meaning
 and kind —
though clumsy, a nibbler of grass and of leaves,
 with a tiny,
 prehistoric
 mind.

Next-door neighbor here and now to the Brontës,
Emily
 and Charlotte
 and Anne,
the slow-witted Brontosaurus behaves
as well
 as he possibly
 can.



1/30

THE DICTIONARY DROMEDARY

The wary dromedary,
one-humped, solitary

on the page,
 seems disposed
 (though named from the Greek
 for the way he can sprint)

to be stationary
here, never to carry

a desert load again.
He looks
 quite secretly pleased to be in print;

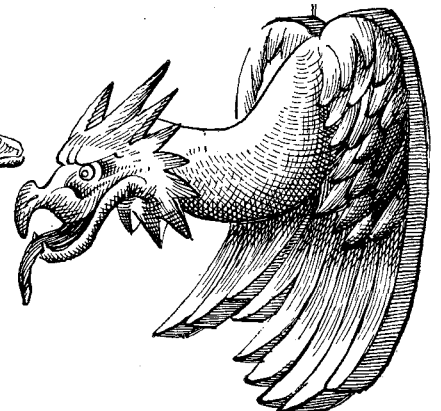
his mien is so very
aloofly, assuredly merry.

THE DICTIONARY GARGOYLE

The gargoyle is a bird of stone
who never flaps his wings,
and is (Old French *gargouille*) mostly throat.

Though strong and fierce, he has never flown;
but nests on roofs, and clings
to cornices, high and remote.

The gargoyle perches all alone,
and when it rains, he sings —
a gurgle is his single note.



1/120

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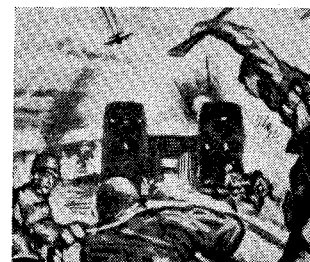
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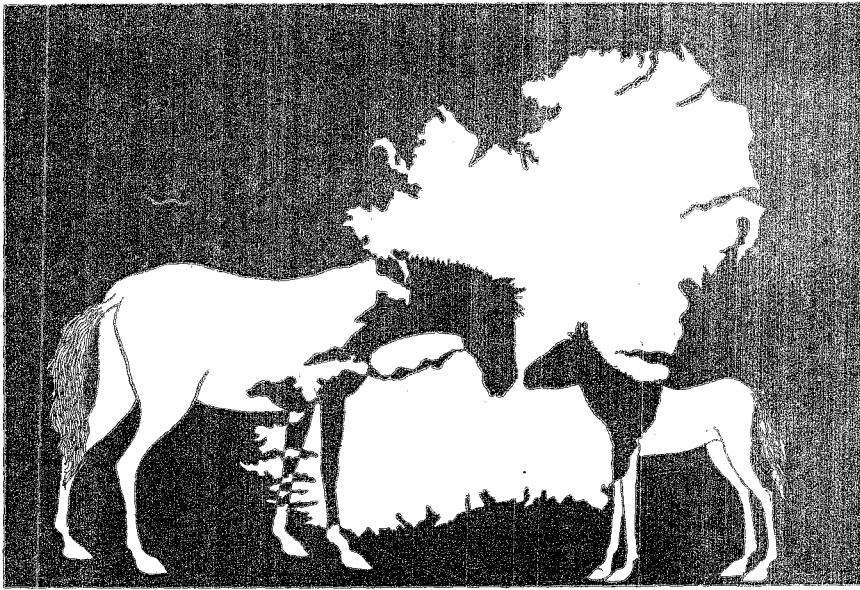
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pleasures and places



PONY SHOW IN CONNEMARA

BY WILLIAM SANSOM

Often when you are motoring across the broad bog of that distinct part of Ireland called Connemara, one of the final European fingers pointing to the long Atlantic miles Americaward, you see what look like horses standing about. These are not the kind of horses that poke their heads through the windows of your car. They keep themselves to themselves. Nor are they horses at all, but ponies, Connemara ponies, free but not wild, that live out on the lovely land of their birth. They are carefully bred and among ponymen have a rising international reputation.

Against the soggy green of the Irish west, they mark delicate colors: dark yellow, tweedy gray, burnt pink. There are occasional albinos, white with white-lashed pale eyes, like old ladies far gone in the drink. Color is, in any case, one of the Connemara particulars. This mountainous country, with its brilliant estuaries curling miles inland, has little of the brilliant emerald green of the east of Ireland. The green of the west is mistier, and it creeps everywhere, like baize cloth, right up to the tops of the mountains and even flatly down vertical cliff façades;

you feel you are living on an old, torn, and humped billiard table, with a cloth that has been left to weather in the sun and the rain. Against such a soft green, whose quality changes with every magical slant and flash of Atlantic-borne light, all isolated colors stand out sharply. Golden-yellow stretches of seaweed line the Prussian-green waters of an estuary miles inland; the crimson bells of the tall wild fuchsia bush dangle everywhere, lining the lanes as though a giant and bloody hand had dripped a bright indication of the path; the mountains may lose their green and in certain lights haze to pale blue or violet, or flower at sunset to a deep blood-red — and all these colors have the inner brightness of plush. Then there is an abundance of black about: the boats are black; the women's shawls are black; and the mounds of black peat and the black rocks and the black cattle all spatter the country with charcoal emphasis. Even the ubiquitous drink, the porter, is black. If ever a martini drifted so far west, the olive would surely be a black one.

But back to the ponies and a black day in this writer's life, the day of

the Connemara Pony Show. This is an annual event that takes place in the westerly small capital of Clifden, an up-and-down slip of a town with a half dozen streets and about a million bars. The purpose of the show is to bring together the best of the pony breed for prizes and for sale, together with other less important local produce, from sheep to sheep's-wool sweaters, from chickens to baked breads, from woven reed whips to the pointed toes of a Gaelic step-dance competition. But the ponies are the mainstay; it is the ponies, each with four hoofs and flying feet, that take up all the room on the muddy, sloping field where the great affair takes place.

Let me state now that I am neither a pony nor horse lover and know little about them, so the following few lines shall be free of words like "withers" and "gaskins," "hands" and "hackney" (from the French *haquenée*, an ambling horse, if this should maybe raise your spirits). The only kinds of things I do know about the horse are such as the length of its fearsome yellow teeth and the force behind the hoof and the mad roll — like that of a jazz drummer deep in the groove — of the eye.

So, on a morning of rain and shine, we bought our tickets and slid mud-dily into the show. Rain and shine are the normal weather: one minute the sun streams in magic rays from momentous Atlantic cloudscapes; the next, down come the momentous inescapable clouds themselves. The apocalyptic elemental feeling of such godlike weather must, I think, have a large hand in the Gaelic belief in fairies. But there were no fairies at the bottom of our pony field — only mud, viscous gallons of it, down into which the pointed end of my shooting stick vanished at an alarming speed, leaving me seated two feet off the ground, like a cooperative but uncertain uncle in a kiddy car.

From this mildly unelevated position I was perhaps the better equipped to view the goings on and the goers. Previously, being blind to the complex virtues of the ponies themselves, I had been in a position to drink in more of the general atmosphere than others, with their eyes screwed on a fetlock here, a muzzle there; the blessed position of the man who writes of Salzburg without Mozart, or Rome without ruins; and now,



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here on my low stick, nature had blessed me with another new angle.

I could note the coarse and curiously shaped faces of the copers, the tremendous Irish life in them, cheeks as red as their own fuchsia hedges and eyes under black lashes shining with a Siamese sapphiric blue; and how a wildly handsome young man, strong and fresh and muscular, might open his mouth to show a



sudden old row of brown and broken teeth; and his blue-eyed dreamy visionary princess of a colleen raise the red gnarled hand of an old woman to the milk skin of her face, for she has worked hard in a poor country, once sucked dry by my English compatriots and now, somehow, despite the vigilancies of other governments, caught in the habit of apathy. Not that these people today are too poorly off, but they are not by nature builders with an eye to the future; they live, rather, for the day and let tomorrow, and the old turf shed at the back of the house, go to rot. Yet is this really apathy? Is it perhaps not a dream way, near-Arabic, of valuing the moment for its worth? In dripping wet weather, you will be greeted by a local with "Lovely day now!" And this may not be so mad as it sounds; it may, instead, be a way of expressing simply a delight in life, in there being a day at all, whatever its superficial dressing. And on asking the way somewhere and the time it takes, you will be given the answer you *want*, a short way and a short time, in the Eastern manner of giving pleasure at all costs — the cost of mere material truth and shoe leather included. Thus, the most occidental of European peoples are the true orientals, if I might employ a kind of Irishism.

When an industrialist I know proved to an educated Irishman that, by doing this and that and enforcing this or that slightly un-

pleasant sacrifice, his country could be made as rich as Holland, the reply, wise with many a pint of porter, was both agreement and disavowal, with a final "Och, what do we want with wealth, anyhow?" A key phrase.

So there we were among the ponies. And I didn't stay on my shooting stick for long. To those not only content with living for the day but also surviving it, it was vital to keep on the move and away from the passing hoofs. Mares and their foals strode and staggered hither and thither all the time, arguing, whinnying, kicking, prancing. For the unvalorous discreet, the field was soon turned into a kind of mud lake for an inelegant skater's waltz, as one skidded one's way around a back leg here, a long yellow tooth there, a mountainous muscular haunch to the left, or to the right a forehoof stamping like a bull's.

Not long, indeed, before the awful extent of a horrid truth was forced upon me. Here on this hill of a field, three or four acres bounded by a stream and a few houses and fences, there were enclosed what amounted to about a hundred naked mothers and their children, most of them as yet not properly introduced.

A hundred suspicious females corralled together in one small area! And their young with them! With their protective instincts raised to abnormal levels, and each battle-happy mother and neurotically thoroughbred infant equipped with four hefty hoofs and a score of lip-curling teeth!

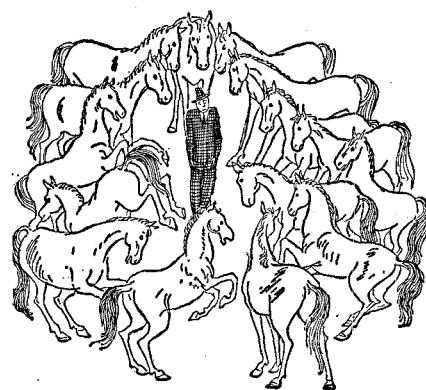
By now the whinnying, a frightful sound in solo, had become, in unison, appalling. There was no band, and no wonder; no one could have heard it. Here and there, above the heaving sea of rumps and halters, rose a momentary equestrian statue, forefeet tapping the air and anything else about. As this fell back, so a hindquarter would flash up, fling out its shoes with a horrid whack onto a neighboring mother's glossy beige coat, and decline. The children were no better than the grown-ups. It says much for the phlegm of the excitable Irish that nobody seemed to be the least troubled by any of it. With elevated Hibernian calm, as if they themselves were not there at all, they led their snorting matrons to and from the judges, only pausing to exchange the time of day with a passing friend in a

cluck of Gaelic or a brogue of English that sounded about the same.

Perhaps they were dreaming of big money. For it is true that, in three years, and largely owing to American buying, prices of the Connemara breed have risen from nearly nothing to a fairly sharp something. Or had they half their minds on seaweed? For fifty miles off, in Galway, a seaweed symposium was being held. International colloid experts were discussing how best to process the great seaweed crop of these coasts, and new money is in the offing here, too. Strange new prosperities loom over the forgotten land. Perhaps it is wealth they want, after all. But wealth the way they want it, if you see what I mean.

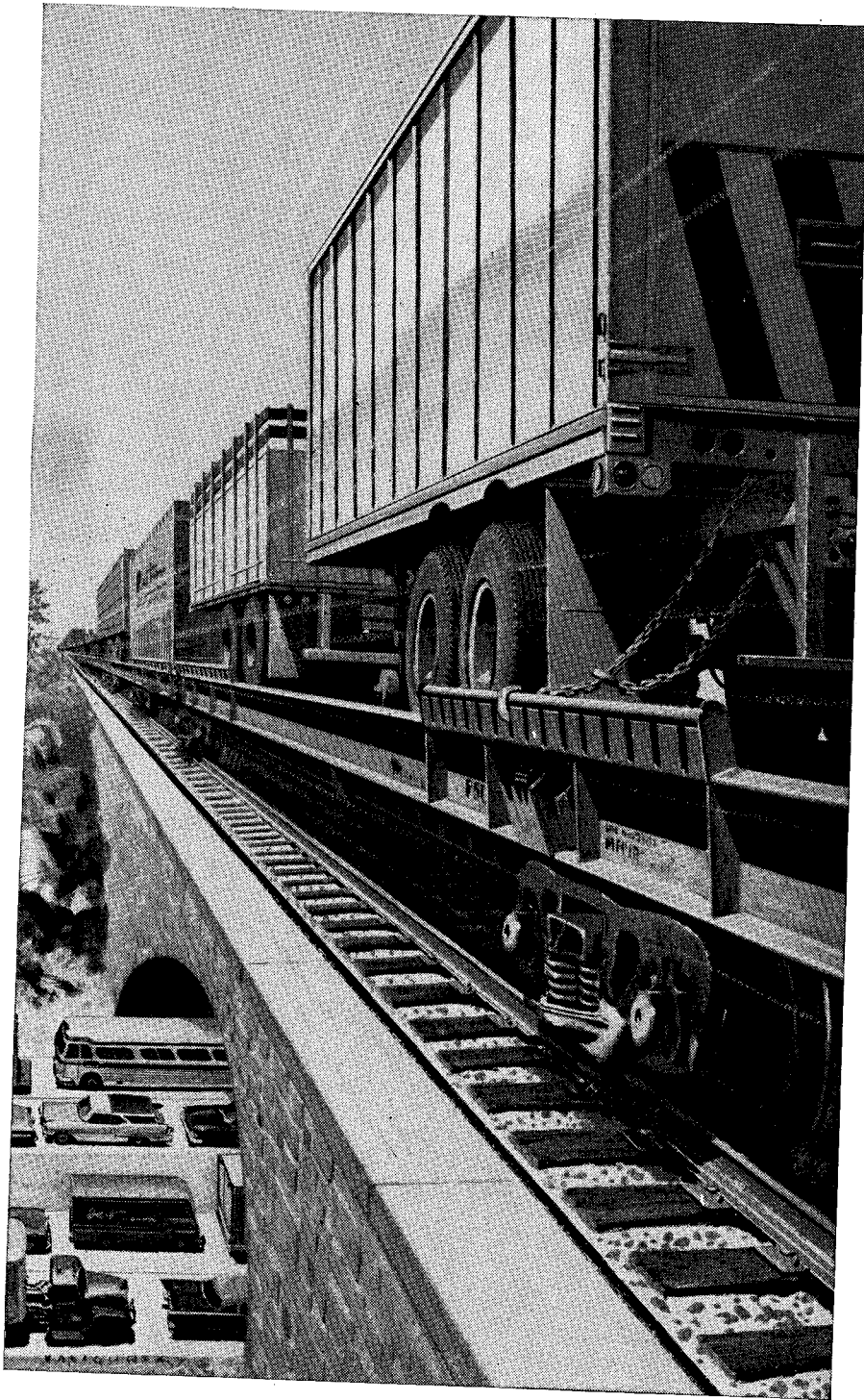
A sudden shower gleamed like a spider's-web curtain down over all: over tweedy gentry, fustian farmers, village youth in its blue Sunday suit; over matrons who still bake their own bread; over their daughters half in love with home, half with dreams of emigration; over ponies, chickens, judges, sheep. And no one turned a hair. No scuttling. It was Irish rain, as much to be expected as not, and was in a few minutes over. Everyone was wetter; no one had noticed. Except, it seemed, one old ram.

This old ram, a heavy, haughty beast, chose the moment to smash



its pen. As the sun came out, so did the ram, a true battering ram, head down and flying into the iron-shod feet of the horse life heaving above it. Never so many upset mothers, never so startled a pack of children! The whinnying rose, the whole pony race began to undulate dangerously. Now, whole groups of equestrian statues reared high, as, like a cannon ball of wool and horn, the ram bashed its way through a startled forest of legs beneath and

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was, in turn, battered and flicked about like a woolly football, in the course of a new-found liberty. For a few seconds it looked as if the whole field might go mad and stampede. The ram would loose its grip on the mud and slither a few yards like a fleece-bound Eskimo on a banana skin, then gather its pin legs together and turn, and batter off head down at another fence of horn-shod footballers. You could mark its course from above by the undulation of brownish-colored flanks, as if a tidal wave ran erratically through a heaving brown sea. It looked like the end to me, but not to the phlegmatic

excitable Irish. In a matter of a few minutes, cool hands had been laid on the ram, its horns held hard, a rope thrown around. And back, battered, the batterer was led to the safety of his old wood gaol.

After this, mouse-heart in mouth, I left. Anything, I fancied, could happen, including, perhaps, six weeks in hospital.

Out I walked into the gray stone town, deserted but for the bright, near-Mediterranean color washes — pink, blue, green — which occasional houses here wear. Past a humble chemist called a Medical Hall, past shops full of Aran sweaters of white

bleached wool, past the groceries that are also bars. Deep below in a ravine lay the dark-green waters of the estuary; high above rolled Atlantic clouds arriving from the Americas.

Peace, peace — and blessed silence.

The danger past, courage returned, and with it a mite of objectivity. Possibly no one was kicked or bitten the whole day through, down there among the ponies and the brave Irish. Possibly my fears were only those of a decadent Saxon townsman. Possibly about it all, I should keep my pony trap shut.

Tenting Around Europe

BY G. M. CHRISTENSEN

Last summer my wife and I took a camping outfit in our small car as we wandered in and out of Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Spain, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands. Miraculously we squeezed all of the camping gear into a portable canvas case, 12 by 14 by 24 inches. The equipment consisted of two air mattresses and sleeping bags, a mountain tent, an ax, a hunting knife, a compact gas stove, a small kettle, utensils, and a jar of instant coffee. We were pleased that we had not included elaborate cooking gear, for finding suitable places to eat was no problem and our cooking was usually limited to coffee making.

Most of the campgrounds we visited were at well-chosen sites, often in areas with spectacular scenery. Those along the Rhine and Moselle Rivers in Germany were sometimes in the shadows of massive hills and castle ruins. At the campground in Burgen we watched kayaks flitting on the Moselle and hikers as they

ascended through the vineyards to a castle citadel. A gentleman known as "Onkel Oskar" managed this colony and a nearby restaurant. The camping fee of forty cents per day was a little more than usual. From here to the Luxembourg border, a distance of about 85 miles, we counted five campgrounds.

As we were driving down the Italian coast, we found another pleasant campground near the town of Fermo. This little camp community featured fiber sunshades for the car and tent, a small "bar and grill" which served snacks and *apéritifs*, modern plumbing and fresh water showers, and, best of all, several miles of uninhabited beach.

Campers in Europe, as in the United States, are friendly and helpful. Many Europeans camp when they travel simply because they cannot afford to travel under other circumstances. Many use motorcycles or motor scooters, and we often met families of four or five traveling on a motorcycle with side-car.

The campgrounds are adequately managed, often by some local family, and are usually fenced or guarded. In all countries, the campgrounds seemed to be under close government supervision, and registration and checking of passports were always required.

If we found a campground too congested to suit us, we either searched for another area or stayed

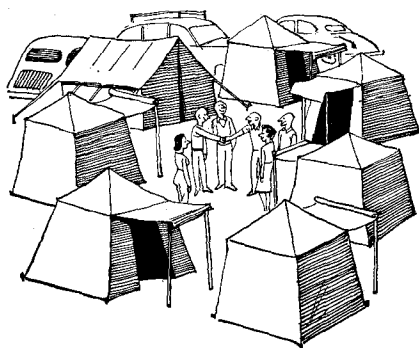
in the more civilized dwellings. In Loano, along the Italian Riviera, we found a wonderful camp with plenty of elbow room which was called simply "Emilio's." During our two-day visit we splashed in the Mediterranean, lounged in the sun, and chatted with the German family next door or with the couple from Antwerp who had lent us their corkscrew. During the evenings the charming manager-host, Mr. Emilio, provided accordion music for danc-



ing and slightly discordant singing at the camp pavilion. Language problems were more humorous than serious. Knowing a little German and French was helpful, but someone who could speak English was usually around.

Farther west along the coast near Cannes, we discovered a settlement among scattered pines overlooking the picturesque resort village of Saint-Raphaël. Two local boys camping out provided guide service to the swimming area in town in exchange for a ride to and from the camping site. The Riviera provided innumerable camping possibilities, although many locations were too crowded to suit us.

We arrived in Pamplona, Spain, about ten o'clock one night, having





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no plan about where we would stay. After rejecting the dusty rooms at several hotels and almost getting a room at the local jail for going the wrong way down a dimly lighted one-way street, we found the municipal campground. This was located in the clean and very spacious fairgrounds. After we had registered and assembled our portable quarters, we wandered across the street into a café, with crooked walls, in search of a late supper. But communications were very poor that evening, and absolutely no one could understand either our spoken or sign language. The problem was resolved when finally the frustrated waiter introduced us to the cook, who in turn invited us to visit the kitchen and prepare our own meal.

In central France the châteaux were often quite close to campgrounds. Château Fontainebleau, for example, is only a few miles away from a spacious camp retreat in the forest, between Fontainebleau and Bois-le-Roi, just off the highway to Paris.

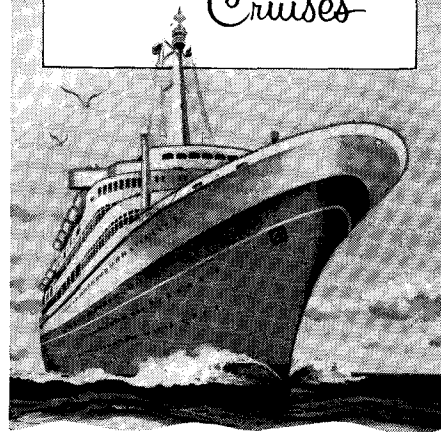
One day we pitched our tent at the sea near the town of Edam in the Netherlands. As at many camps, the tents were arranged in a circle inside a fence with the center area reserved for playing games and for getting into and out of the grounds. The colorful tents with splashes and stripes of red, blue, and yellow made one wonder for a second whether this was a bona fide campground or a local carnival. About six o'clock in the afternoon a man on a smoking motorcycle would come clanging into the center of the grounds to sell beverages, bread, sweets, vegetables, and fruit.

The number of campgrounds in the popular tourist areas of Europe is quite large. For example, according to our camping map of the Netherlands, obtained from the Netherlands Tourist Bureau in New York, this small country, which one can easily drive across in one day, has about 140 campgrounds. Useful maps and information about camping can be obtained by writing to the various National Tourist Bureaus in the United States.

During rainy weather we fled to lodgings in the towns—less sporting than camping and more comfortable. But for good weather, and if one has the temperament for tenting, we heartily endorse the campgrounds in Europe.

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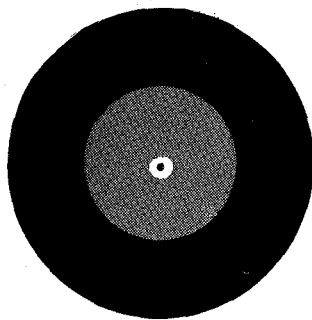
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Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Arias from Cantatas

William Scheide conducting Bach Aria Group; Decca DL-79405 (stereo) and DL-9405

William Scheide formed the Bach Aria Group shortly after World War II. The singers are Eileen Farrell, Carol Smith, Jan Peerce, and Norman Farrow. The instrumentalists are Julius Baker, flute; Robert Bloom, oboe; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; Paul Ulanowsky, piano; and Maurice Wilk, violin. They make their music with real joy and devotion and a thrilling confidence. All eight arias given here are beautiful, but my favorite is *My Heart Ever Faithful* (Miss Farrell), taken at a jubilant pace that should make anybody's heart ever faithful, which was doubtless Mr. Bach's unerring aim. Decca's sound engineers, given a jewel, have treated it like a jewel.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3

Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-2387 This December, 1953, performance of the *Eroica* may have been Toscanini's finest. I thought so, and after hearing it by radio I advertised for an air-check tape, which set me back \$15 and made me extremely happy. From a better air-check tape, Walter Toscanini processed this disc, which now you may buy for \$4.98. No good Beethovenian should resist the temptation.

Brahms: Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel, Opus 24; Variations on a Theme by Paganini, Opus 35

Jacob Lateiner, piano; Westminster 18870

Here is some very fine Brahms piano, marked by faultless taste and brilliant technique. The only question is, Can you get the record? Just as

it approached its tenth anniversary, the Westminster company went out of business, and then back in again under a new ownership. At the time of this writing, the status of its recorded repertoire was in doubt. Still, the record is good enough to merit an inquiry of your dealer.

Delius: Florida Suite; Dance Rhapsody No. 2; Over the Hills and Far Away

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Capitol SG-7193 (stereo) and G-7193

Of the remarkable musical symbiosis between Frederick Delius, the remittance man and sometime Florida orange farmer, and Sir Thomas Beecham, youthful millionaire and conductor, I will have more to write when I lay hold of Beecham's biography of Delius, recently published in America. Their minds really met (as was also the case with Delius and Edvard Grieg), and Sir Thomas has been a sort of Sir Lancelot on Delius' behalf since 1910. He was right in his fight. To prove it to yourself, hear *Over the Hills and Far Away* in this performance. The English have given the world its greatest poets, and sometimes the poets have been musicians. Delius was. Here he has visioned with his hills as Wordsworth with his daffodils. They seem to sing in tones of green. The other two works, longer, are also piquant and picturesque, but the real country magic is in *Over the Hills and Far Away*. The EMI-Capitol sound technicians have given it the transparency it needs and merits.

Gilbert and Sullivan: H.M.S. Pinafore

Isidore Godfrey conducting D'Oyly Carte Opera singers and New Symphony Orchestra of London; London OSA-1209 (stereo) and A-4234: two records

The old Savoyards are mostly gone, but their successors retain a firm grip on the right style for G. & S. This *Pinafore* proves it and is further graced by the whole spoken dialogue, so you need not read the booklet to know what is going on. It's a delight, conveyed in London's richest sound. I do not know who sings Bobstay the Boatswain, but one thing about him is certain. He *his* a Henglishman.

Schubert: Die Schöne Müllerin

Aksel Schiøtz, tenor; Gerald Moore, piano; Harry Goldman Records KALP-11

Aksel Schiøtz is a genial Dane for whom the times really were out of joint. He matured as one of the truly great art song stylists just as World War II commenced and all Danes became prisoners. Later illness interfered with his career. Just the same, his *Schöne Müllerin*, made on 78s at war's end, became a sort of criterion by which good Schubertians have since judged all other attempts, mostly unfavorably. Here now is this criterion on LP, painstakingly transcribed by careful compatriots. It is not high fidelity, and of course not stereo, but it contains some of the most poignant singing ever sung, of one of the most beautiful song cycles that has ever been written.

Schütz, Heinrich: Biblical Music

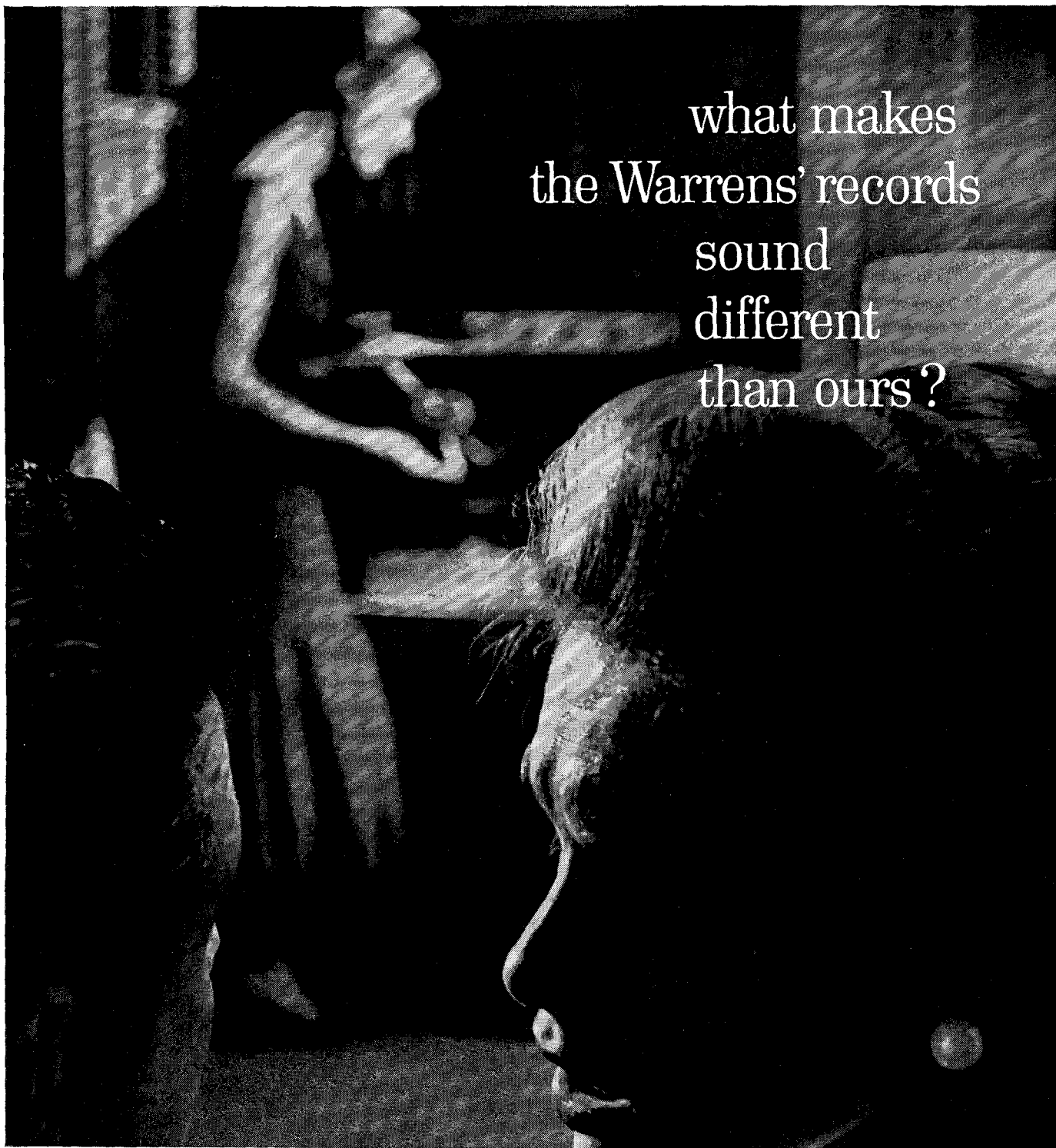
Robert Craft conducting Los Angeles singers and instrumentalists; Columbia MS-6088 (stereo) and ML-5411

Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672) was perhaps the ultimate product of the Baroque musical intercourse, Netherlands to Italy to Germany, that happened in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He set psalms and scriptural episodes to music, uniquely among Protestant church composers. Unlike Bach, he did not use hymns in which the congregation could join; only trained singers can perform the Schütz dramas. And they are, all of them, short antiphonal dramas, extraordinarily gripping. Mr. Craft, Stravinsky's assistant and a leading musical antiquarian, presents them here with absolute authenticity, and you can hear the real union of church and theater that existed four hundred years ago. I especially recommend David's lament for Absalom.

Leonard Warren: Arias

Leonard Warren, baritone; various conductors and orchestras; RCA Victor LM-2453

RCA Victor has brought out a memorial album of arias sung by Leonard Warren, this century's finest American baritone, who last March died on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, during a performance of *La Forza del Destino*. It is a good album, bearing arias from *Pagliacci*, *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, *Andrea Chenier*, *Gioconda*, *Trovatore*, *Macbeth*, *Bocca-negra*, and *La Forza*. Mr. Warren never had any trouble filling a hall with sound, with people, or with feeling.



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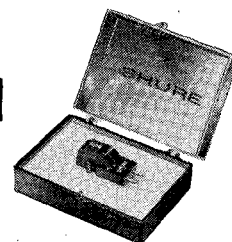
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THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

IN THOSE far-off days before World War I, we who were growing up with the century were beginning to sample life, sometimes in our parents' company, more often in the echoes that came to us of their high jinks. When Dad in blackface played end man in the Negro minstrels at the Country Club, with towering Harry Schenk at the other end, we heard the elders repeating their jokes until even the innuendo became clear to us. When Dad, after a good night at cards, acquired the moose head which hung in the hall, we half believed him when he said he had shot it at the Merchants Club with two Manhattans. And when Mother and Dad rose at 4:00 A.M. to drive to Long Island to watch the Vanderbilt Cup Race, we had to wait until their drowsy return to learn that Harry Grant in an Alco had won, and that he and his mechanic had changed a tire in five minutes flat!

Parents seemed decorous then, and we did our best to emulate their style. White flannels, a blue serge coat with cornflowers in the buttonhole, and immaculate white buckskin shoes with red rubber soles — that was the correct male regalia for weekend festivities. In as close a copy as I could manage, I accompanied the elders to Sea Girt on a Saturday afternoon to watch Governor Woodrow Wilson review the National Guard, and afterward we would file into the Little White House to shake his hand and gulp down the very cold lemonade. Sundays after church, the beach, and the ice cream dinner, we might be invited aboard Harry Buxton's *Romp*, and if there was a good westerly, that beautiful catboat could outstep anything on Barnegat Bay. The wind would drop at sunset, and by then we had passed through the Mantaloking drawbridge and were leading the van home. The crews in the half-becalmed boats would be singing, and in our cockpit Mother's clear soprano as it soared upward in *The Land of the Sky-blue Water* brought a lump in my throat.

People made their own music in the days before

radio. I remember one scorching August night in Bay Head when it was too hot to sleep. Ben McClain, a bachelor with a lovely tenor and tons of energy, had borrowed a small piano, heaven knows where, which he and his quartet had hefted onto the wide porch of Aunt Margaret's cottage. The singing that followed, with Ben and Mother alternating in the lead, had people listening and applauding up and down East Street, with palm-leaf fans waving in our direction. At 10:30 Ben produced his second surprise, a bucket of fresh peach ice cream which he had bought at Chadwick's and stowed under the porch. When the beaded cylinder was removed from the salt and ice and opened, we had an American brand of ambrosia. Even Aunt Hetty had a plateful. Aunt Hetty Pineo, who had fractured her spine in a runaway, was our gentle matriarch, unopposed in her opinions, one of which was that she could not tolerate peaches in any form. Now she spooned away with gusto, assuming, as she must have, that it was vanilla. The singing, that cool delicacy, and a sea breeze that crept ashore at midnight soothed our sleep, and Aunt Hetty, unknowing, was untroubled.

As one looks back, one remembers the innocence and the optimism. We were so blissfully unaware of the apprehensions that now surround us. My father at thirty-five could not have guessed that his cotton business had reached its peak and would never again be as rewarding. And I, as I tried to train a pompadour, could have had no premonition that only a few summers later my education would begin as an ambulance driver with the Moroccans.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

WALTER LORD has a gift for assimilating the past and for reviving the exploits and crises of only yesterday with a fresh appreciation. He works

with individuals, hundreds of them, the casual bystander as well as the chief accomplice, and he is respectful of the big doers, headstrong and confident, as they are swept into the mainstream of history and sometimes beyond their depth. No detail, if it be revelatory, is too small for his mosaic. He writes with timing and tension, and we, who are familiar with the end, watch with fascination as he discloses the human fallibility and unforeseen circumstance which are present in almost every hazardous undertaking. In his first book, *A Night to Remember*, he depicted as if he had been there the overconfidence, negligence, and bravery of those involved in the sinking of the *Titanic*. In *THE GOOD YEARS: From 1900 to the First World War* (Harper, \$4.95), he applies the same method to our age of innocence.

In the aftermath, it seems symbolic that *The Good Years* should open with trouble in China. The Boxer Rebellion, that fanatic uprising against colonialism, was far advanced before the Western missionaries and diplomats would take it seriously, and the pound of flesh which the Western powers eventually demanded and received provoked, as Mr. Lord perceives, a desire for revenge which is not confined to the China mainland today. The defense of the legations from the Boxer hordes was a strange mixture of white complacency and desperate grit, and one which can still be taken to heart. Equally portentous domestically was the unguarded way in which President McKinley went to his death. This genial Ohioan who loved to shake the people's hands was content to preside over a plutocracy; the vigorous, scrutinizing T.R. who succeeded him was not; and some of Mr. Lord's liveliest pages describe the Roosevelt who believed in speaking softly and carrying a big stick. He awoke the nation's conscience; he gave the government new stature in its restraint of monopoly, and when he said that he represented the third party — the public — in any dispute between management and labor, he planted an idea that has taken deep root.

The great inventions of the era are not so easily to be taped, and Mr. Lord's accounts of the development of the motorcar and of the experiments which the Wright Brothers conducted at Kitty Hawk are superficial and perhaps the least effective of his episodes. He has a nice light touch for the ostentation of the period, beginning with Mrs. Astor's ball of the winter of 1905. That gilded butterfly, James Hazen Hyde, is brought under the microscope and neatly impaled. But it is when he has to cope with disaster that Mr. Lord is at his best. The assassination of President McKinley, the long siege in Peiping, the San Francisco earthquake and fire are chronicled in very human terms, and the sense of participation is conveyed by a

skillful mingling of the commonplace and the spectacular. At San Francisco, for instance, we watch the desperate effort of Engine Company No. 38 to find water for their hoses; we see Will James, the philosopher, coming in from Stanford University to take note of the panic; and an unknown clerk tapping out the following message as the big blaze approached the Postal Telegraph Building: "I'm going to get out of office, as we have had a little shake every few minutes, and it's me for the simple life."

A POET'S BEGINNING

In 1925 ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT was commissioned by the *New Republic* to write a literary portrait of "a Good Greek out of New England." The subject was Robert Frost, who was then teaching at Amherst College, and in that classic New England village their friendship began. She brought with her copies of his first books, and these he annotated for her with comments such as: "In making a poem you have no right to think of anything but the subject matter; after making it no right to boast of anything but the form."

The portrait she wrote of him at that time was republished in her *Fire Under the Andes*; her friendships with Willa Cather and Amy Lowell and Louis Untermeyer kept renewing her interest in the poet; and in the midsummer of 1949 she began to write her full-length and intimate volume, *ROBERT FROST: The Trial by Existence* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.00). This book is charged with affection and alive with all of the homely quizzical details which she could coax out of the poet or quote from his friends. To those of us who have known Robert Frost, heard him read, and hold our own imaginative picture of his heritage, this volume is a delight.

The youth of every great artist is a period of fascinating conjecture, and this is certainly true of Robert Frost: Frost's father, the brilliant Harvard student who wanted to run off to join the Confederacy and who compromised by drinking and driving himself to death as a journalist in San Francisco; Frost's mother, with her Scotch hardihood, who staved off poverty by teaching and prompted her son to do likewise; Rob's early devotion to Greek and his attempts to conform to college, first at Dartmouth, then at Harvard, each ending in disappointment to himself and to his grandfather, who had backed him; and happily, at last, his almost penniless marriage to Elinor White, with whom he had fallen in love in his second year at Lawrence High. They made their retreat to a rundown farm in Derry, New Hampshire; they lived unto themselves — not invited out to a single meal in their first eight years — and

here he found his voice. The biographer has skillfully assembled in bits and pieces these early years, which reach a climax in Frost's gamble to go to England, where he found recognition, his dearest friend in life, Edward Thomas, and the prickly, discerning encouragement of Ezra Pound.

The note of reverence recurs too insistently in the years of renown which follow, and the biographer is not so successful in her endeavor to interpret explicitly a poet who is as slippery as slippery elm. She does catch his charm and his wit and the acuteness of his ear for true New England speech; she enjoys his teasing but does not stress his rough strength, revealed in that remarkable letter describing his sister's insanity, in which he writes, "It is a coarse brutal world, unendurably coarse and brutal, for anyone who hasn't the least dash of coarseness or brutality in his own nature to enjoy it with." And she must have realized, long before she finished, the impossibility of trying to pin down, biographically, this poet to his poems.

THE UNORTHODOX CHARLES

Charles II, who has generally been regarded as weak and indolent, emerges in HESKETH PEARSON's deft prose as a man who was wise, temperate, peace-loving, and "perhaps the only king in English history who would have charmed everyone as a commoner." MERRY MONARCH: *The Life and Likeness of Charles II* (Harper, \$5.00) is a short, colorful biography, cutting sharply across prejudice and red tape to give us, often in his own words, this unorthodox picture of a Stuart who was civilized beyond his age and singularly articulate. Charles, Pearson tells us, was tall, lean, dark, a tireless athlete who could outwalk and outhunt any of his subjects. The religious intolerance which he suffered at the hands of his mother and as a captive of the Scottish Covenanters had bred in him an unshakable tolerance, just as the defeats he had suffered in trying to regain his kingdom made him loathe war. His fondness for dogs, as for women, says Mr. Pearson, implies a search for a love he never had as a child. Loyalty he prized, and his devotion to Hyde and to his youngest sister, Minette, are two of the brightest threads in this gay book.

Since he was a grandson of Henry of Navarre, it is easy to see where he inherited his common sense and his sensuality. It took courage and prudence to reorganize the country after Cromwell; Charles had both. He dealt with his ministers sagely, and the good nature and wit with which he faced the country enormously increased his popularity. This is a nimble and attractive book about a man whose character was shaped more by adversity than by success.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

BIOGRAPHY

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BY CHARLES H. MORGAN

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King of Rome BY ANDRÉ CASTELOT

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THE DIGGERS

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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM's life of FREDERICK DELIUS (Knopf, \$5.75) is written as though no innovations in the fashion of constructing biographies had occurred since Macaulay's day. Nothing of this sort has been done lately, and the effect is novel and refreshing, as though Sir Thomas had invented a fine new method instead of simply reverting to the old scheme of sticking to plain facts.

The book involves no psychological speculations, no long quotations from boring letters followed by ingenious reading between the lines thereof, and no elaborately constructed backgrounds. Sir Thomas, a conductor, is primarily interested in the musical accomplishments of Delius, a composer. Delius' father and mother, Germans settled in England to pursue the wool trade, were evidently deplorable. Sir Thomas gives them one paragraph, concluding: "when all imaginable good has been spoken on their behalf, they still remain revealed as portents, probably unique even in Victorian England, and types which it can earnestly be hoped are now extinct." Correspondence is quoted only when it proves what Delius was doing at a given point or elucidates his relations with a specific person. When his hero hangs about Paris for several years, writing a great deal of music and thoroughly enjoying the city, Sir Thomas remarks only that he "evinced a decided preference for low life."

Once Delius had escaped from the wool trade, which he accomplished by being persistently unreliable at it, and from an orange grove in Florida, where his baffled parent had hoped to break him

gently to lucrative toil, he simply wrote music, struggled to get it performed and printed, and then struggled further to control the idiocies of his German publishers. He seems to have been a man without any picturesque eccentricities, and his life contained no spectacular adventures. He reached success slowly, enjoyed a considerable period of respect and prosperity, and died, unhappily, of a lingering and painful illness.

It is a considerable achievement on the part of Sir Thomas to have made a consistently readable book of what is actually a very quiet story. His success may be attributed to energetic, opinionated writing, a sensible refusal to linger over irrelevant detail, and the ability to describe unproduced operas with the wild fervor of a musical comedy team trying to catch an angel.

TWO MUSKETEERS

SOLDIER IN THE RAIN (Atheneum, \$4.00), the latest novel by WILLIAM GOLDMAN, starts out like a standard military farce. Sergeant Eustis Clay, Mr. Goldman's hero, is, from the Army point of view, a canny veteran who contrives to live quite happily at Camp Scott in the last days of the Korean War, conduct a giddy social life, maintain a friendship with the local intelligentsia, do very little work, retain his rank, and accomplish all this with a minimum of annoyance from the authorities. Eustis is a man of distinction among his comrades. To the suspicious civilian eye, he is as poor a bargain as the Army ever made, an ignorant, shiftless, pilfering bungler and a public nuisance of some magnitude. He believes that Jews have horns, and his notion of a happy death is to get shot at the age of one hundred and ten by a jealous husband.

The "local intelligentsia" is Master Sergeant Maxwell Slaughter, whose influence is his own private work of art. Forty to Clay's twenty-three, well read and worldly wise, he is, thanks to his control of a vital little bottleneck, in a position to blackmail almost anybody. He is also an admirer of Eustis Clay, whose invincible assurance and gay stupidity fill him with envy and amusement. In a remote way, this team is reminiscent of Athos and D'Artagnan, and the enterprises the two think up and carry out are some-

*A novel of Japan
in the aftermath
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THE Journey by Jiro Osaragi

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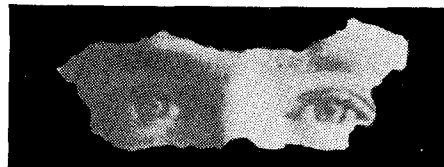
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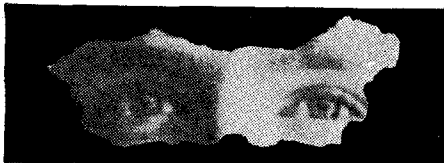
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times not unworthy of Dumas in his less bloody moments.

Almost every episode in *Soldier in the Rain* is funny in itself: Eustis trespassing on the lawn of the officers' club and grading, academic style, the girls ambling into the place; Eustis teaching this game to a chivalrous lad from Yale named Meltzer; Slaughter going on a yogurt diet; Meltzer, profiting by Eustis' instruction and example, rising up for the honor of the Ivy League and thieving a damsel right out of his mentor's hands; Slaughter, utterly astounded by his own success, involved in a courtly paternal-platonic love affair with a high school girl. But while the chatter is comical and the action often wildly absurd, the book as a whole is sad. Brightness falls from the air, friends get transferred or killed, the base closes, and the little town turns out the neon lights and goes back to sleep. Only the indomitable Eustis is left, and he, although he doesn't know it, is well on the way to becoming a professional re-enlistee, a refugee in uniform, a second Slaughter.

Occasionally Mr. Goldman tries straight sentiment and becomes both saccharine and implausible, but these lapses are too few to spoil the book. About 90 per cent of the time, *Soldier in the Rain* balances neatly on the narrow line between laughter and tears.

SUMMER READING

Two other novels have turned up which may be classified as respectable hammock reading, if anybody reads in hammocks any more. **WALK EGYPT** (Viking, \$4.50) by **VINIE WILLIAMS** is well-written soap opera, and **HARPER LEE'S TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD** (Lippincott, \$3.95) is sugar-water served with humor.

Anyone who feels like having a good cry over nothing much should be satisfied by *Walk Egypt*. The heroine is a Georgia hill girl named Toy whose father, an improvident miller, gets himself ludicrously murdered when she is about fourteen. Her mother is a spineless and brainless woman and escapes the problems of widowed poverty by going gently off her head. As the eldest child, Toy takes over the mill and gradually, with much difficulty and soul searching, makes a passable business of it. Toy has no sense of

humor, and her bad luck is chronic, and while Miss Williams presents the girl's miseries as part of a search for God, the unsympathetic reader is likely to see them as the malicious impositions of the author.

The best things in the book are certain minor characters and their rambling, solemn, backwoods talk, a combination of provincial narrowness and natural intelligence. Miss Williams has a good ear for this sort of thing and also does well in describing the slow seepage of electricity and ideas into Toy's territory. Her official plot, however, is one long wail of female martyrdom, much of it unsupported by reason. It is typical of her contrivances that Toy's father, leaving a neighbor's house in haste, decamps and is shot down in his hostess' clothes. The skirt is understandable, but the shoes, unexplained by Miss Williams, actually deserve a novel in themselves. It is no ordinary man who, about to go out a window to escape an armed and wrathful husband, pauses to shove his feet into high-heeled black pumps with buckles.

To Kill a Mockingbird is a more successful piece of work. It is frankly and completely impossible, being told in the first person by a six-year-old girl with the prose style of a well-educated adult. Miss Lee has, to be sure, made an attempt to confine the information in the text to what Scout would actually know, but it is no more than a casual gesture toward plausibility.

The book's setting is a small town in Mississippi, and the action behind Scout's tale is her father's determination, as a lawyer, liberal, and honest man, to defend a Negro accused of raping a white girl. What happens is, naturally, never seen directly by the narrator. The surface of the story is an Alcottish filigree of games, mischief, squabbles with an older brother, troubles at school, and the like. None of it is painful, for Scout and Jem are happy children, brought up with angelic cleverness by their father and his old Negro housekeeper. Nothing fazes them much or long. Even the new first-grade teacher, a devotee of the "Dewey decimal system" who is outraged to discover that Scout can already read and write, proves endurable in the long run.

A variety of adults, mostly eccentric in Scout's judgment, and a continual bubble of incident make

To Kill a Mockingbird pleasant, undemanding reading.

GREEK MOUNTAINEERS

No doubt it would be possible, by the exercise of genius, to write a dull book about travel in Greece, but I have never discovered one. **PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR's MANI** (Harper, \$6.00) is about Greece, and while remarkable in several respects, it is completely orthodox in being devoid of dullness.

Mr. Fermor has long been familiar with Greece. He speaks the language, and during World War II served in Crete. He is also a novelist with a notably riotous imagination. All these accomplishments serve him well in describing his trip through the Mani, the rocky peninsula that juts down below Sparta.

Because of its remoteness and the extreme ferocity of its inhabitants, the Mani has never really been conquered by anyone. The Romans and the Byzantines pretended the place didn't exist. The Turks appointed local Greek beys, hoping wistfully, and often in vain, that these fellows would keep order and collect a few taxes. Meanwhile, the Manians behaved like mountaineers the world over, devoting themselves to complicated blood feuds and land wars and to the raiding of their lowland neighbors.

The government of modern Greece has gradually and tactfully wheedled these people into accepting a moderate degree of law and order. Their reputation lingers on, however, and Mr. Fermor was warned all across Lacedaemon that he and his photographer would be robbed blind and mercilessly slaughtered if they went to the Mani.

They went anyway and had a splendid time, finding the Manians, although miserably poor and consequently somewhat melancholy, a most hospitable, friendly, intelligent, and attractive people. Mr. Fermor became interested in the history of the place, about which all the inhabitants were garrulously well informed, and reports it in lively style. His descriptions of the landscape and the people are superb, and he occasionally flies off on the wings of fancy, getting himself and the reader drunk on wild speculation or thundering eloquence. On one of these flights, he installs penguins in the Arctic, from which I



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deduce that a good story counts for more than a dreary fact with Mr. Fermor, and that possibly *Mani* should not be accepted as a final reference book. As an impression of a place and a revelation of the author's mind, however, it is pure joy.

FRENCH MANUSCRIPT PAINTING

JEAN PORCHER, the author of *MEDIEVAL FRENCH MINIATURES* (Abrams, \$25.00), has provided this beautiful book with a preface in which he apologizes for not covering all medieval European art in one volume, a task which would be physically impossible, since the book as it stands is so fat with fine color plates that anyone proposing to move it more than half a mile would be wise to rent a pack mule.

Mr. Porcher's text, which occupies about a quarter of the book, covers the development of manuscript painting in France from the end of the tenth century to the beginning of the sixteenth, when the rapid spread of printed books put an end to the art. He has little to say about the techniques employed but offers a great deal of information about regional schools and their influence upon each other; the characteristics of individual artists, who were usually anonymous in the early days but whose styles are as recognizable as signatures; and the qualities of line, color, and composition that distinguish one school from another. Anecdote and peripheral information are kept to a minimum, but enough background is provided to enable the reader to place French painting in the general European context. It is interesting to discover that, while the French at the beginning of the period were humble imitators of the styles already established in England, Germany, and Italy, they had become the acknowledged leaders in the field by the fifteenth century, boasting a group of painters internationally respected for their skill and originality.

The illustrations which follow the text are not only well done, they represent material which is not available elsewhere, unless one is prepared to make a pilgrimage through a number of European museums.

MODERN MYTHS EXPLODED

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, economist, iconoclast, and author of *The*

Affluent Society, has written a book of essays called *THE LIBERAL HOUR* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50), in which he undertakes the slaughter of a number of sacred cows. The victims vary in size and importance but ultimately provide a nice little hecatomb.

Mr. Galbraith begins with an assault on the notion that if we do not fight the Russians, we must necessarily engage in peaceful economic competition with them. He finds only relative satisfaction in the prospect; bankruptcy is better than being blown up, but it cannot be considered a victory. To engage in a production race with Russia, Mr. Galbraith argues, is to fight on its ground with weapons that are all to its advantage, for Russia has much to gain, both practically and in prestige, from an expansion of its national output of food and goods, while we are already oversupplied with practically everything and should be concerned with a more equitable distribution of what is available rather than with increasing its quantity.

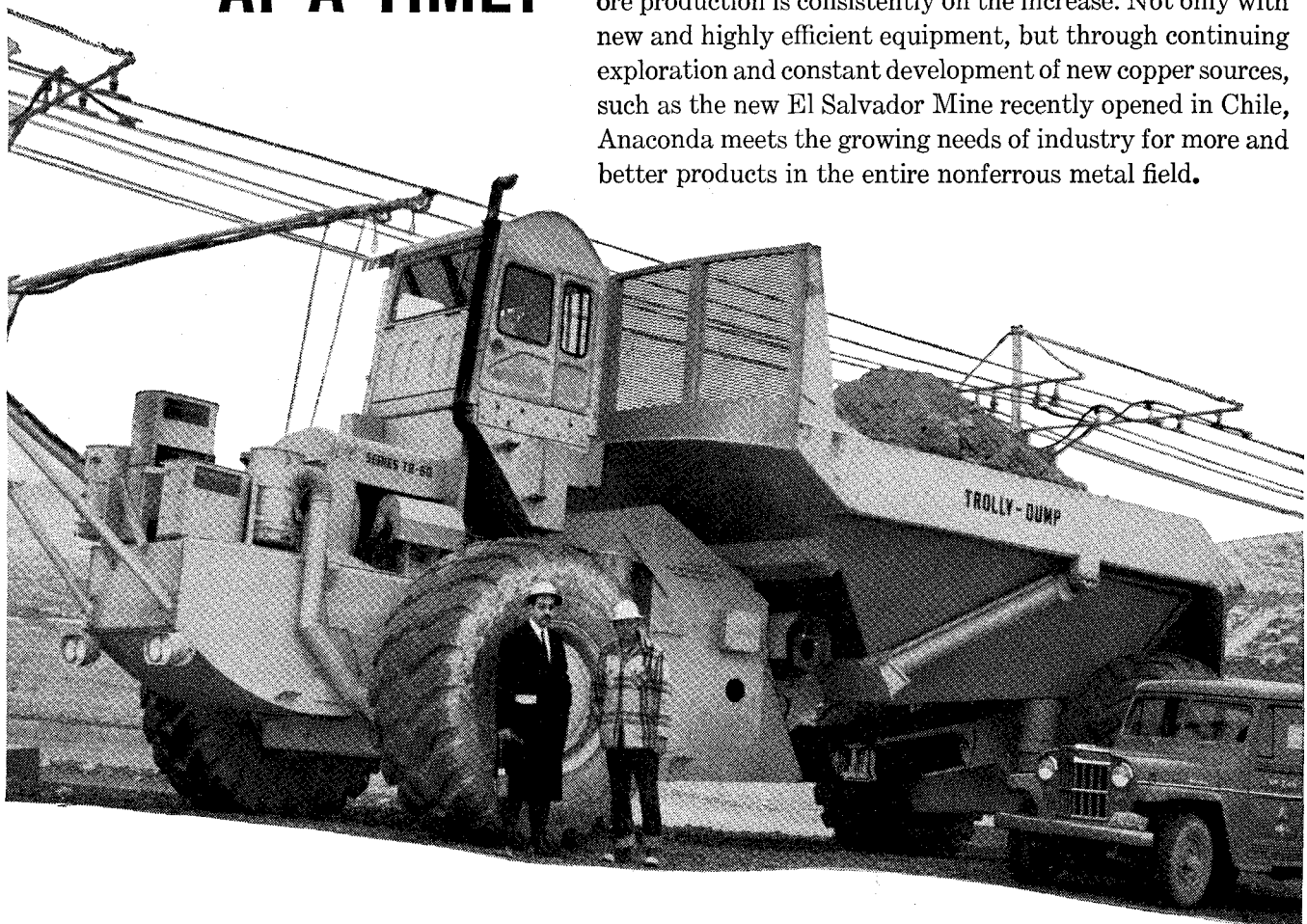
Mr. Galbraith next tackles the myth that man is becoming subservient to the machine and demonstrates that machines, poor things, have a tougher time of it every year and will soon be held in no more respect than so many tin cans. No one who has been bounced out of a job by the latest piece of automation is going to be entirely convinced by Mr. Galbraith's reasoning, but as a theory it is persuasive and witty.

Working through several historical delusions, plus the reputations of public heroes, the sentimental attachment to handicrafts, and the economics of rural New England, Mr. Galbraith continues to upset tradition and undermine dogma. His method is to pounce on some widely held belief and prove—with figures, if necessary—that it is actually quite contrary to evidence and common sense. Sometimes, as when he deals with the school system or the Depression, he is intensely serious. His discourse on how to rehabilitate an abandoned Vermont farm, on the other hand, is pure frivolity, although its camouflaged premise (you can't) is absolutely sound.

The Liberal Hour is a lively little book, full of good things and peppery ideas for all its lack of a single central theme.

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